

SEPTEMBER 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND



A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

The Comforts of the American Home

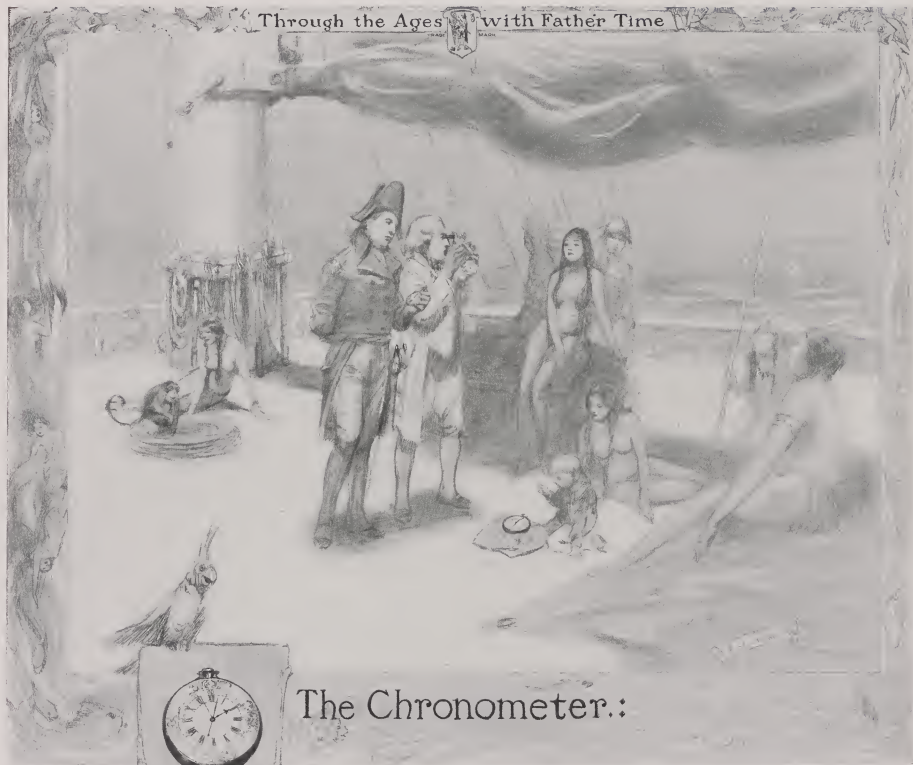
It is a well-known fact that, home for home, the American household has more comforts and conveniences than that of any other nation.

In foreign lands the modernized dwelling is found only in the better sections of the larger cities. Everywhere in America you find the piano, the vacuum cleaner, washing machines, up-to-date heating systems, telephones and numberless electrical appliances.

There is a well-kept look about residence, store or out-buildings, with an atmosphere of prosperity and content. Did you ever stop to realize why this is so; how this condition was brought about? It is largely due to advertising.

Stop and think how many of the foods you eat, the things you wear and other articles entering into your everyday life, you first heard of through advertisements. You will then realize what a part they do play, or should play, in your daily life.

Read the advertisements regularly and thoroughly, if you are not already doing so. They mean more to you than you can tell.



The Chronometer.:

*M*ODERN Navigation dates from 1762, when John Harrison's Chronometer reached the West Indies, after a voyage of sixty-one days, with an error of only five seconds.

The rich prize which Parliament had offered for half a century—twenty thousand pounds sterling—went to Harrison. His victory, after thirty years of struggle, hinged on his previous invention of the Compensating Pendulum.

Unlike the modern ship's-watch, his timepiece was not suspended in gimbals but carried on a pillow.

The world war set new standards in naval timekeeping. The torpedo boat, with its terrific vibration, baffled America's experts till Elgin railroad watches were adapted to the service. And the first acceptable ship's-watches supplied our navy in quantities sufficient to equip the U. S. Emergency Fleets were—as might have been expected—

*The \$1.50 Coruian in yellow gold
Nine-tenths actual size
*** An unretouched photograph*



Elgin Watches

"Be Sure You're Right"



DAVY CROCKETT used to say: "Be sure you're right then go ahead." That's mighty sage advice. It's a wise shopper who takes it to heart.

Glance through the advertisements and in a few minutes you can set yourself right on numerous things you either want to buy now or at some future date.

Advertising has stabilized prices. The advertiser names his price—the same for all. You can know that in paying it, you're getting the same deal as the next one.

"Be sure you're right." It's a duty you owe your pocket-book.

Advertising has helped to standardize quality. Only the best of wares are spread out for you on these printed pages. The men who advertise here are making publicly certain claims, on the fulfillment of which depends their commercial success.

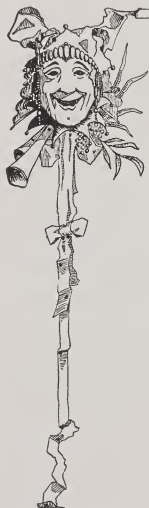
"Be sure you're right."

Advertisements give you news of the latest and best things made with word as to what they cost and what they will do. They put before your eyes the pick of the country's market and the selection of the particular kind, shape, size and color that best suits your taste and fits your pocketbook.

Buy with your mind made up. Let the advertisements guide you away from mistakes.

"Be sure you are right."

Read the Advertisements



VOLUME V

Expressing the Arts SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

SEPTEMBER, 1921

Important Features in this Issue:

JOHN GALSWORTHY.....*Frank Harris*

An interesting study of the British novelist and another article in Mr. Harris' series

MAX REINHARDT: Stage Revolutionist

.....*Kenneth Macgowan*

A vivid essay upon the famous German master of stagecraft and his future plans

THE VISIBLE SYMPHONY

.....*Herman George Scheffauer*

Recent investigations in Berlin in expressing music on the screen open a wide field of motion picture possibilities

COPEAU: The Iconoclast.....*Arthur H. Moss*

The man who has made the tiny *Le Vieux Colombier* in Paris an artistic center

THE OPERA AND BALLET IN PARIS

.....*Pitts Sanborn*

The Russian Ballet and Wagner return to the French capital

THE EVE OF ST. CATHERINE.....*Kendall Banning*

A medieval drama in one act, told with charm and force

HOW FARES THE PHOTOPLAY?

.....*Frederick James Smith*

Mr. Smith discusses the problems facing the American silent drama

THE BOVARYISM OF JULES DE GAULTIER

.....*Benjamin de Casseres*

The mental aristocrat who may be the greatest living thinker in the world today

AMATEURS AND THE FUTURE

.....*Walter Prichard Eaton*

With the touring company eliminated, the speaking stage now faces a critical situation

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC

.....*Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*

Another whimsical essay, "The Magic Flower"

Interviews with Eva Le Gallienne and Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck

Departments Devoted to Fashion and Beauty

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinenmann, Secretary.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Subscription \$3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$4.00 a year; in foreign countries, \$4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter at the post offices at Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jamaica, N. Y. Copyright, 1921, by Brewster Publications, Inc., in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



NUMBER 1

OUR COLOR PLATES:



Helen Grenelle

The Charming and Picturesque
Dancer



Priscilla Dean

The Vivacious Star of the
Silent Drama



Giro

An Attractive Period Poster, "Recollections,"
By SHADOWLAND'S Newest Find



Thomas H. Benton

Reproductions in Full Colors of Two
Benton Canvases, "The Balloon"
And a Landscape



RECOLLECTIONS
Original Period Poster
By *Giro*



Painted from photograph by Morrall, Rochester

Helen Grenelle



Painted from photograph by Freulich

Russilla Dean



Two interesting examples of the work of Thomas H. Benton are reproduced on this page. At the left is a characteristic canvas, "The Balloon," which best reveals the artist who has run the whole modern gamut from Impressionism to Synchronism in expressing himself

At the right is a landscape by Mr. Benton. Here is an example of the Benton art—stark in its approach to life, big, firm and abundant in form



Paintings Reproduced by
Courtesy Daniels Gallery

THOMAS H. BENTON

By Thomas Jewell Craven

AT no time in history have painters suffered the resentment and ridicule that greet the young men of to-day. This unfortunate condition has arisen largely from two causes; in the first place, the artists themselves are at fault—their extraordinary interest in mechanical problems has led them to exhibit experiments in technique, and in their youthful enthusiasm, to proclaim such canvases finished works of art; secondly, the critics, either unwilling or unable to distinguish between the good and the bad, have, on the one hand, set up a loud and humorous cry of condemnation, and on the other, employed a psychological language that is hard to grasp, and have tried to make the analysis of a detail stand as the explanation of an entire structure.

Now the average person has neither the time to study intricate technical methods, nor the patience to follow abstruse criticism, and he must in a measure be pardoned for his misunderstanding. The basal principles of the old art and the new are identical; modernism is in direct line with the established traditions, and once this point is made clear, the public will cease to look upon recent pictures as the eccentric productions of abnormal minds, and will regard them as the thoroly



rational manifestations of sincere men who are bringing fresh vitality to painting. Prominent among these men is Thomas H. Benton, whose work affords exceptional advantages for revealing the close affinity between the contemporary movement and the art of the classic periods.

For the biography of a man thirty-two years old and unmarried, a few facts will be sufficient. Mr. Benton was born in the southwest corner of Missouri; like everyone else he began to draw at an early age; studied at the Chicago Art Institute; and then went to Paris. While at the French capital he plunged into Impressionism, but finding the literal tenets of

this school destructive to creative activity, he allied himself with a number of young radicals dominated by Cézanne, Renoir, (Con'd on p. 66)

Above, a recent portrait of Thomas H. Benton. Left, a painting by Mr. Benton, "The Beach." The original canvas is owned by Dr. A. C. Barnes of Philadelphia



Evan- Burrows Fontaine

Special Studies by Nickolas Muray

Evan-Burrows Fontaine's picturesque dancing is well known to followers of Broadway's musical comedy and midnight revues. Recently Miss Fontaine has been hostess and danseuse at the Club Maurice in New York

Miss Fontaine is one of the half dozen or so American girls who have won more or less distinction in the field of the dance





PAULINE STARKE

*Alfred Cheney Johnston's newest Study of
the popular Cinema Actress, last seen as
the tenement heroine of "Salvation Nell"*

Virginia Bell

*Special photographs
for Shadowland by
Nickolas Murray*



Recently Miss Bell came into prominence on the New Amsterdam Roof in the Ziegfeld Midnight Revue. Miss Bell is a young dancer whose work is marked by an unusual spontaneity and verve. She is of distinct promise



Lady Maude is a confirmed sportswoman. Some of her friends who do not admire the manly attitude say she is a confirmed nuisance. Fortunately, Lady Maude is sufficiently strong-minded to scorn popularity.

Augustus does his bit: which consists in toddling 'round just before the race to see that Hawkins, the jockey, has given Princess Pat a good work-out. "Nothing like proper attention, y'know. Owner's duty, what?"



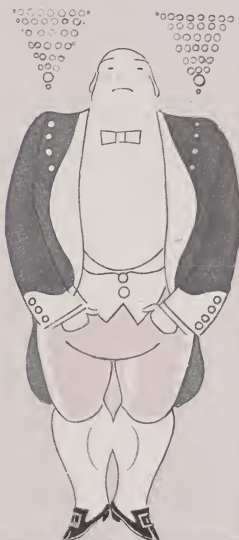
Lt. Col. J. L. Coningchester-Dawesby looks slightly peeved. And rightly. He has just been spoken to by some fellowe clubman with whom he is only slightly acquainted. First time such a thing has happened to him in his thirty years as a member. "Dem-mit-all, y'know, it isn't done! Must speak to the head steward about it. Grrrr!"



Rawlings Minor is a bit worried. He's afraid those other chaps are on to the fact that he's wearing his elder brother's topper. Perhaps he can get back in bounds before Rawlings Major comes in from cricket.



Here we have Digby, the footman at Taxville Towers, Shallockdene, Bury Downs, Worcestershire, the country house of Lord Liflichthyl of Stoke-on-Trent. Digby has been in Lord Liflichthyl's service thirty years boy and man, having started as third scullery-boy. Digby knows his place and he knows a few other things too. He is just pondering the problem of Lady Cecil and—but we said that Digby knew his place.



Wynn in Dear Old England



Wynn is an authority on Jazz and he says the English conception of it is a bit thick. Even Art Hickman's Band cant remove the bored expressions. But if you ask them, they'll say "it's topping, spiffy, and er—er— all that sort of thing"



The Hon. Violet is sure that the prima donna is a dreadful person. Her escort, Mr. Trent-Marrowby, is thinking of the neat putting he did today on the links and wishing the singing chap wouldn't make so much noise

Seen and heard thru the fog: "But really, Bertie, we can't walk." "Cabby, oh, I say, Cabby!" "Roight y'are, sir." "Flowers for the lady, sir." The Bobby at the extreme right is professionally interested in the toff's pursuit of the cutie at the extreme left



LONDON



Reproduction of Robert Edmond Jones's color sketch of a Max Reinhardt setting. Mr. Macgonan writes interestingly of Mr. Reinhardt on the opposite page

Max Reinhardt: Stage Revolutionist

By Kenneth Macgowan

WITH Europe in the chaos of what is ironically termed "reconstruction," prosperous and imperial America is more than likely to draw to her shores for brief foragings almost all the artistic and literary talent of the old world. A steady stream of English playwrights, painters and philosophers, from Drinkwater to Gilbert Chesterton; Russian scenic artists like Roerich, German actors such as the Schildkrauts; that Parisian genius, Sacha Guitry, in the offing; French scientists and Italian inventors with a literary bent—if foreign exchange stays where it is, no Continental talent above that of a hat-check boy will be able to resist the temptation of a little buccaneering expedition across the Atlantic. And we shall prosper spiritually from this, even as we suffer financially.

Rumor has been busy for almost a year over the coming of the three great and determining factors in the development of European theater in the twentieth century—Gordon Craig, artist and theorist of the new theater, put down for a lecture tour this year or next; Stanislavsky, leading actor, as well as director, in the first theater of the world, the Moscow Art Theatre, rumored to visit London, and then, perhaps, New York; and Max Reinhardt, greatest showman of them all, master of three Berlin theaters, and popularizer of the theories and methods of the new stagecraft which now dominates the theaters of Germany.

It is small wonder that the announcements of Reinhardt's coming have ranged all the way from an engagement to direct motion pictures to the general supervision of the productions of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Such is the versatility of the man. At seventeen he was an excellent actor of old men's parts. That was in 1890. Within ten years we find him playing a wide range of prominent rôles in various state theaters and in Otto Brahm's celebrated Deutsches Theater; taking an important part in the development of the famous Freie Bühne, a popular producing society in Berlin; creating a remarkable type of "art cabaret" and finally opening in 1901 the first com-



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London

MAX REINHARDT

mercially successful "little theater," the Kleines Theater. From this he went on to the creation of two great producing organisms in the Deutsches Theater, which he took over from Brahm, and the Kammer Spielhaus, a successor to the Kleines. Not content with productions of Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, Wedekind, Gorky, Shaw, Maeterlinck, which won international acclaim, Reinhardt began experimenting with gigantic productions of Greek tragedies and mediæval spectacles before audiences of five thousand people in great exhibition halls. These experiments led him last year to the opening of the Grosses Schauspielhaus, a gigantic and revolutionary playhouse with the actors appearing on the cleared floor of what is ordinarily the parquet or orchestra of our theaters. And now comes news that, with this new venture established, Reinhardt has given up theatrical management in Berlin and gone off to Salz-

burg in the Austrian Alps to study and work upon vast civic spectacles corresponding roughly to the community masques of Percy MacKaye.

First of all, Reinhardt is a showman—some say a mountebank—but certainly the greatest of them all. His fame is as wide in Europe as Belasco's in America. He has been as successful as Belasco financially; but, with it all, he has always been a revolutionary leader in production methods. In his three Berlin theaters (he has never had less than two, each with a nightly change of bill), and in his visits to other German cities and to London, Reinhardt has adopted and adapted the theories of production of Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia and a number of other students of the theater before the public knew who they were.

I have never heard of Reinhardt's writing a play. He hasn't acted for twenty years. He is not an artist of the pencil. He is content to be the controller of all these elements. With a staff that numbers such players as the renowned Moissi, such artists as the brilliant Ernst Stern, he has produced the work of the greatest playwrights of all time. Craig has spoken for the control of

(Continued on page 76)



Photograph by Abbe

DELYLE ALDA

*Miss Alda, who is as comely of voice as of figure,
is one of the principals of the summer revue,
"Snapshots of 1921"*



Photograph by Abbe

JEAN BENTON

*The pretty overalls girl of "The Broadway Whirl"
here portraying the piquant little Mitzi*



Beauty and the Cinema

Both Photographs
By Edwin Bower Hesser



Above is the beautiful and appealing Jane Novak, who, according to rumor, is to wed that ever regenerated bad man, Bill Hart. At the right is Agnes Ayres, likewise beautiful. Miss Ayres is just being launched as a Famous Players-Lasky star



Photograph by
Clarence L. Bull

*Molly Malone has an 'oddy elusive
quality of youth. She is one of the
pleasant younger players of the
Siversheet*



FOKINA

*A vivid figure of the dance and the wife of
that master of Terpsichore, Michel Fokine.
Photograph by E. O. Hoppe*



BETTY COMPSON

*A new portrait of the Screen Favorite
By Donald Biddle Keves*



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

ANN PENNINGTON

The piquant little Ann is again the central figure of George White's summer revue, "The Scandals of 1921." Ann can always be counted upon to be interesting



LILLIAN BRODERICK

*A piquant study
By Maurice Goldberg*



Photograph by Blum, Chicago

REFLECTIONS

Otherwise a study of Tillie de Lorez, one of the prettiest of "The Brevities of 1921" cast

Mediums of Art

By Pearl Malvern

ONE of the least interesting things concerning Eva Le Gallienne is the fact that her father is Richard Le Gallienne. This, unerringly, and in a single sentence tells much of her personality story. Most girls would need the reflection of the poet's indubitable glory. "I hadn't seen my father," Miss Le Gallienne said, "since I was three years old. Last year I went to call on him. It was rather an extraordinary experience. I found him charming, and I thought of him, not at all as my father, but as a very interesting, a very charming man. We talked for four hours straight, about everything under the sun, and agreed about almost everything. He came to see me in 'Not So Long Ago,' and liked it immensely. Which reminds me that I must send him seats for 'Lilium.'"

Miss Le Gallienne reminds me of something shining and sufficient. Rare would be a synonym for her. So would luminous. There is a quality of luminosity to her.

Sometimes one remembers a rare day, a day set apart from all other days not because of any particular event but rather because of a quality one cannot quite name, does not want to name. An exquisiteness to which contact would be contamination.

Miss Le Gallienne, both as Julie in "Lilium" and as herself in her dressing-room, called to my mind a symbol of a delicate lamp bearing within a flame, or of some frail-strong vessel containing a precious oil . . .

You see it in "Lilium" when, as the peasant girl, Julie, unlettered and untought, her spirituality shines thru her peasant tongue, her peasant environment, her crude and mental experiences, and makes of her love for the swaggering Lilium, something divine.

We talked about the play, about Lilium and Julie.

"They were not ordinary people," Miss Le Gallienne said, "in both of them there was something spiritual, something sensitive and fine. They simply did not know it. They were not conscious of it. You will find that this strange psychic quality is quite a frequent occurrence among the peasant folk of the countries like Hungary and Germany. Julie had it. Just a touch of it in the first act, and then more and more as her life developed her, and her love, and the baby. . . . She had it when they



Photograph by Sarony

EVA LE GALLIENNE

were singing that song about 'the damn police' preparatory to going out to meet the cashier. She *knew* that Lilium was about to go forth to something terrific. Then, when the old aunt asks her about the kitchen knife and says it has disappeared, her unformulated fear becomes definite. *That was what it was*. Lilium is no less spiritual than Julie, only he is a man, and part of his training has been to eschew all tenderness, all patience. Education had given them no keys, you see. . . ."

"What do you suppose," I said, "that Molnar meant by the play?"

Miss Le Gallienne paused in the act of twisting her lovely light brown hair into Julie's coiffure. "I do not think he knew himself just what he meant by it," she said. "I think in the first five acts he had some sort of an intent or theory and then the whole thing got too

big for him and he was carried away by it. I believe that that is true of nearly all great art. It is sublimely unconscious. It is a force operating thru the mediums of individuals. That is why we may meet a person who may, for instance, have written some exquisite lyrics and we will find the person to be quite amazingly crude and literal. That does occur. We are not practically aware of what we are doing. We are mediums.

"To me 'Lilium' (and I have had the manuscript for four years and always hoped to do it) is the sort of play depending wholly upon the individual reaction. It might mean—it might give—*absolutely nothing*. Some persons might say, 'Why, it doesn't mean a thing.' Or it might give the most tremendous significance. We never supposed, for instance, that it would meet with the appreciation it has. We gave it about three weeks to run. That people have liked it as they have, seems to me to be a most hopeful omen for the drama. You know, I believe it is because 'Lilium' has a spiritual quality, irrespective of *any other thing*. I think people, almost all the people, get something spiritual from it. They may not know quite what, but there it is, nevertheless."

"I should think," I said, "that, assuming the creative force to be unconscious and hence more or less impersonal, it would also be protected. That is, personal tragedy could not affect it or destroy it. Yet, consider Duse

(Continued on page 77)



"Sally" Sirens

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by
Edward Thayer Monroe



The musical hit, "Sally," reveals the expertly discriminating hand of its producer, Flo Ziegfeld, jr., who is stageland's foremost authority on pulchritude. Just above is Janet McGrew, one of the prettiest of the "Sally" girls, while at the right is another beauty, Gladys Bourie



Statuesque and everything is Betty Williams, another of the "Sally" sirens. Miss Williams has been called one of the prettiest show girls on Broadway.



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MABEL BALLIN

*Wife of the artist-director, Hugo Ballin;
and an unusually interesting cinema star*

The First Madame Maeterlinck

By Gladys Hall

A WOMAN who has suffered is always a significant figure. How she has met the suffering is always a significant question. Has she achieved triumph, conquest or despair? Have the Lethan tears dissolved her soul or sharpened it for a more perfect purpose?

These were some of the many things I was pondering as I went to call one evening at dusk upon Madame Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck at her apartment in New York. At another time, in another land, I knew, I would have been going to a castle there to have been received, mayhap, with purple and with panoply. There, for Madame Maeterlinck, to have been the great artist, must have been comparatively easy. But here . . . in a small apartment . . . in uptown New York . . . ? I had occasion to wait a few moments after my arrival and during that time I thought.

Every once in a great while the supreme courage of the human spirit is made manifest. The words of R. L. S. came to me, "I thank whatever gods there be for my indomitable soul."

Indomitable soul!

Well, soul or no soul, here, certainly, were evidences of a courage that had emerged from God alone could tell, how fiery a crucible. Evidences of a spirit so gallant as to bring tears. There were shades at the windows, for instance, made of orange paper in order to give the effect of sunshine long after the sun had dimmed and gone down. Perhaps she had need of that illusion. There were odd and beautiful bits of tapestry and silken embroideries brought, mayhap, from poignant and immemorial hours. The Winged Victory presided over a desk workmanlike and quite devoid of femininity or sentimentality. And there were books and piles of MSS, typed and headed "By Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck."

I remembered hearing that since their separation, Maurice Maeterlinck had written not one thing of consequence. The pile of MSS, on Madame Maeterlinck's desk told a different tale of her. How curious, then, if it be she who goes on . . .

Then she came in.

She speaks not one word of English. I speak not



Photograph by Mishkin Studio

MADAME GEORGETTE LE BLANC MAETERLINCK

one word of French.

We regarded one another with some perplexity; then, thoroughly, she laughed. Her sense of humor enveloped the situation. We both laughed. With the more or less adequate assistance of her companion, I was informed that Madame Maeterlinck expected an interpreter. Presently he arrived.

Even by so involved a process as an extremely personal conversation via a third person, and that Third Person a man, we managed to go into many matters, not merely superficial. I think it may have been because we all three had a sense of humor. Whatever element helped us thru I learned these things of Madame Maeterlinck:

She believes that self-development is the supreme thing for which we are here. Nothing else is, comparatively speaking, of any importance. She believes that there is Life and there is Death. Nothing else; nothing

in between. We must, perforce, accept them both. There is absolutely no sense, no use, no excuse for worry, for lamentation, for exhibitions of puerile despair. By that she does not mean that the sensibilities should stultify, for that would defeat the purpose, but, rather, the Stoic attitude.

"Curiously enough," she said, translated, "there remain for me, of many great things, two little things that still have power over me, power to make me suffer. One is a melody. The other, an old perfume. These two things are . . . unbearable to me . . . The other night a most extraordinary thing occurred. I was dining with an old friend, when suddenly her daughter left the room to return with a flagon of this very perfume, long put away in a cupboard of her mother's. She seemed to go for that perfume and to bring it to me as tho by psychic compulsion. It gave me a sort of madness."

Madame believes in psychic power and is beginning to believe that she is herself possessed of it.

Of man and woman she believes that woman is the stronger. To illustrate her point she told me the fable of the oak and the bamboo. The oak boasting proudly of his strength and superiority while, beneath him, in the water, the pliant bamboo swayed and swayed.

(Continued on page 75)



THE DANCE

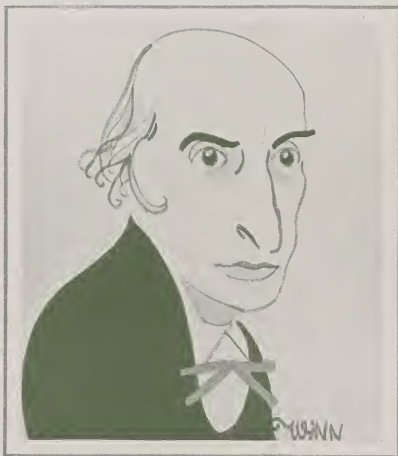
*Camera Study by Edwin Bower Hesser
Posed by Doris Humphreys*

Copeau: The Iconoclast

By Arthur H. Moss

PROBABLY the two most abused words in the English language are *personality* and *artistic*. If a raucous voiced hussy gets by on the vaudeville stage without being egged, someone discovers that she has personality. If some foolish virgin from Painted Post opens a shop in Greenwich Village and sells a few badly batiked smocks, her boob customers from Greenpoint call her artistic. What they mean is that one has perseverance and that the other has courage. Taking the definition of the two words as they are set forth in the best dictionaries, we feel that we can safely say that Jacques Copeau has personality and that the Vieux Colombier is artistic.

The chief factor that has made Copeau the outstanding figure in the French theatrical world is that he is a smasher of tradition, and that means much more in France than in America. Whatever we may think of the status of the French drama as to its literary quality, the manner of production is sorely tied in yards of traditional red tape. The average French playhouse continually produces splendid classics, Hugo, Molière, Racine, and so on, but almost smothered by their literary beauty under clumsy presentation, stupid traditional settings, and ranting instead of acting; the sort of thing that went out of fashion in America in the days when Bill Bryan first came out of the Nebraska woods. Le Vieux Colombier



COPEAU: IMPRESSION BY WYNN

is the one bright oasis in this desert of tradition. Its founder is nothing if not modern. And, with his modernism, he combines an intense practicality and a thoro understanding of the technique of the stage.

Over the workshop at Le Vieux Colombier, in a little office furnished with simple severity, we found M. Copeau busily engaged in working out the preliminary details of a new production.

M. Copeau told us how he started Le Vieux Colombier in wartime on the left bank of the Seine, far removed from the theatrical highways of Paris. Despite the unfavorable conditions, the enterprise achieved considerable measure of success, and was eventually chosen by the government to be France's artistic representative in America. The readers of SHADOWLAND are no doubt quite

familiar with the interest aroused by Copeau's company during its stay at the Garrick Theater in New York.

When Le Vieux Colombier returned to Paris after the armistice, Copeau found everything chaotic, and conditions extremely unfavorable to the renewal of his venture. He had no money and decided to appeal directly

to his former clientele for subscriptions. That the public shared his faith was evidenced by the fact that they (Continued on page 61)



The permanent stage set at Le Vieux Colombier which serves for all productions by the simple expedient of changes in drapings, properties and lights



The Visible Symphony

sion" and "Deception" or attempted to hide the country of origin, instead of (with a subtler instinct of *réclame*), exploiting the fact, I shall leave to be investigated by such honest experts in our mental miscariages as H. L. Mencken or Van Wyck Brooks. The nausea of the American over the mass-products of his mammonized film industry, has also been made clear to me by many cuttings referring to the "Dr. Caligari" film which were sent me by friends in America, and by many

letters full of malediction against the native product. It is amusing that but a little while ago the German producers and critics were in great fear lest Germany be overwhelmed and debauched by the avalanche of American wild West, detective and "pritty gurl" films. This additional punishment was by some Germans philosophically regarded as the inevitable attempt of the victor

THE director-general of the largest German film concern had just effected a certain amalgamation with a well-known American company and, after a brilliant harangue upon the international significance of the film before a small group of Berlin editors, concluded as follows:

"I believe the function of the German film is to give the American film that which it seldom possesses—and that is soul."

The statement may not be flattering to us. It is, furthermore, seemingly reinforced by the revolt of the cultivated American against his own film banality and by the success of certain German films in our own country. The particular cretinism which strove to conceal the original titles of these powerful historical films under crass and trashy abstractions like "Pas-

Two examples of German semi-futurism in films are reproduced on this page. Both are from the recently completed burlesque, "The Mountain Cat," starring Pola Negri. Upper, guard-room in a frontier mountain fortress. Right, the general's dressing-room done in impressionistic naïve



By
Herman
George
Scheffauer

to impose his *Kultur* upon the vanquished. But history has proved that the vanquished often imposes his *Kultur* upon the victor. In the biology of nations, America and Germany (and Russia), are young nations or rather peoples—as France and England are old. But Germany has deep adult roots, where we as yet have but infant or at most juvenile feelers. Germany is also forced and always has been forced by her unfavorable geography, her political history, her poor soil and the harsh fate that has so often befallen her people, to an intensive cultivation or administration of her activities, products and institutions.

It is characteristic that in a country which is today practically without raw materials of its own, such terms as *Veredelungsprozess* (process of ennoblement—as applied to material), and *Qualitäts-Waare* (quality goods),

should be the slogans of manufacturers standing at the brink of an abyss. There are no doubt sound economic reasons for this—if anything be still sound in European economics. This process of *Veredelung* has now been applied to the German film—for a long time poor in quality and negligible in quantity—and strangely enough it has also been applied to the American film as this is

known here. The American film has given certain external values and types to the German film, and this influence has been beneficial, for the German is in general obsessed far more with content and *Stimmung* than with form or action. In his modern *Lichtspiele* he has now learned to combine all four. The great energy, genius, experience, enterprise and devotion to art which characterize the German theater were a (Cont'd on page 59)



Top, another scene from the grotesque "Mountain Cat," this time the general's cubistic expressionistic breakfast-room. Left, Futurism applied to screen melodrama in another German film production, "Genuine," with Fern Andra as the vampire-heroine

SHADOWLAND



EVE

Camera Study
by Edwin Bower Hesser

Amateurs and the Future

By Walter Prichard Eaton

DOES the American Theater of the future belong to the amateurs? I dare say that merely to ask this question, let alone answering it in the affirmative, will seem a little ridiculous to many people. The idea that the amateur theater can ever compete on equal terms with the professional is, to anyone who has had the slightest experience with "amateur theatricals" (or, for that matter, with amateur effort in any of the arts), an idea not seriously to be entertained. It is not, in fact, seriously entertained by me. Yet I do verily believe, none the less, that the future of our theater in America is in the hands of the amateurs.

When a man has emitted such a paradox, it is up to him to explain it. I'll do my best.

One of the leading managers of the country told me the other day that it has been five years since a first-class production has visited Texas. This is only slightly an exaggeration. Actually, it is from two to three years. But you don't need to go so far afield from New York as Texas to see that the spoken drama, certainly the spoken drama which is worthy of serious attention, is now practically unseen and unheard in towns, cities, and even whole sections that once enjoyed it. The Drama League of America is making a survey of the country, and in a preliminary report, presented to the League convention at Chicago last spring, more than a hundred replies to a questionnaire sent out to various cities and states, were summarized. The summary was certainly depressing to all lovers of the drama. It showed that New York State, west of New York City, still fares pretty well, due of course to the fact that its towns lie on the main railroad artery to Chicago and the West. Troy, Albany, Schenectady, Rochester, Syracuse, and Buffalo have adequate theaters, to which most plays come that leave New

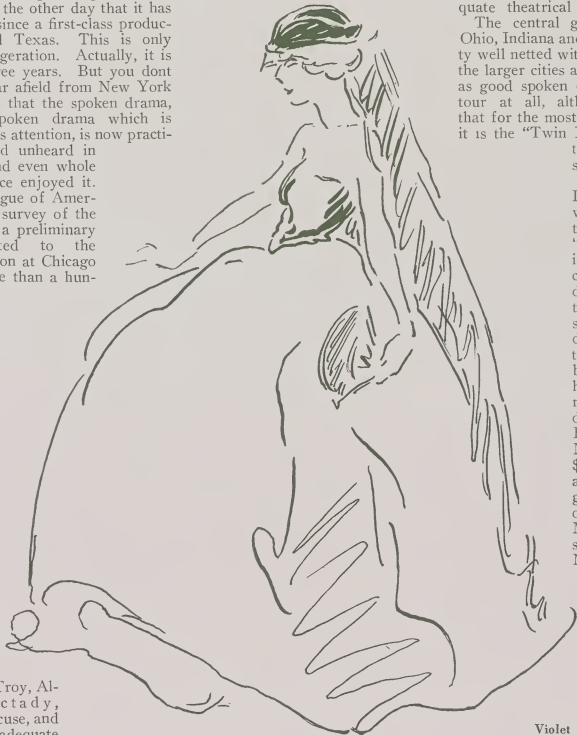
York at all. Similarly, so much of New England as lies on the route between New York and Boston, and Boston and the West, gets a certain amount of spoken drama, tho not always of the best class. South from New York lie Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, forming a natural chain, and not lacking in dramatic fare. But when we come to the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, it is quite another story. The League survey shows that these states are visited "only by second, third, and fourth rate companies at increasingly infrequent intervals." Alabama, lying between New Orleans and the East, gets a few plays *en route*. Florida is, dramatically, a complete desert. New

Orleans alone, of southern cities, seems to have anything like adequate theatrical entertainment.

The central group of States—Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—are pretty well netted with railroads, and in the larger cities are still served with as good spoken drama as goes on tour at all, altho Illinois reports that for the most part, in that state, it is the "Twin Bed" type of play that visits the smaller places.

From Waterloo, Iowa, an observer writes, in answer to the question, "Does a good play in your theater secure a good audience?"—"No! this is a cheap show town. They demand the best that can be secured, but want it at about half the price of a metropolitan production. Guy Bates Post, playing 'The Masquerader' at \$3.00 top price, lost about \$120.00 on a good night, with no opposition." But Missouri, Arkansas, the Dakotas, Nebraska and

Kansas haven't even Guy Bates Post to report. "Facilities for even the most economic (C. on p. 60)



Violet Kemble Cooper as the Duchess in the Barrymore production of the exotic "Clair de Lune"



Mlle. GERMAINE
MITTY

Whose acrobatic dancing and daring costumes have created something of a sensation in the Ziegfeld "Follies of 1921"

Photograph by
Edwin Thayer Monroe

Opera and Ballet in Paris

By Pitts Sanborn

THE high fact of the day, as the French themselves would put it, in the musical feast of Paris, is the return of Wagner as the main substance of the tonal meal, with the Russian Ballet as *hors d'œuvre* and *entremets bizarre*. A Wagner concert is sure of a packed hall; Wagner opera, wherever given, is acclaimed by thousands. The other day the huge auditorium of the Trocadero, which seats an audience of over six thousand, was filled with a cheering mob for a "popular" performance of "Lohengrin"; its quality, I am credibly assured (for it occurred before I reached Paris), was no better than fifth rate. As for the Théâtre National de l'Opéra (the "Grand Opera," as American pilgrims still reverentially refer to it), since the revival of "Siegfried" has caught on so well, there is no more talk of opening that fane of music to a side line of movies in the afternoon, in order that the management can afford to keep it open for its official business of opera in the evening. Operatically, Paris has forgotten the late war. Along with the resurgence of Wagner has come, for the time being, a bear movement in the stock of modern French music. But it is in nowise derogatory to the merits of that particular school, to recognize the fact that it had undergone an artificial inflation during the years when Wagner was absent from concert room and opera house.



Before the war, Wagner had been for a long time the mainstay of the Opéra repertoire. Nothing proclaims

that fact more unmistakably than the "Parsifal" record. It was New Year's Day, 1914, the first day after the expiration of the "Parsifal" copyright, which had kept "Parsifal" in the hands of the Wagner heirs and which Heinrich Conried ignored in producing the work at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1903, that the Paris Opéra produced "Parsifal" for the first time. Between that date and the closing of the Opéra necessitated by the general mobilization of August 1, 1914, there were some thirty performances of "Parsifal" in that

(Continued on page 58)



Top, La Gabriellita del Garrotin in the "Cuadro Flamen-co," danced by the Serge Diaghileff Ballet Russe in Paris recently. Left, La Rubia de Jerez and Maria Dolbaicin in one of the same series of Spanish dances, "Garrotin Crotesco," of distinct exotic charm and almost barbaric verve



The Exotic Nazimova

Photographs
by Rice

Since her first
film vehicle,
"War Brides,"
Mme. Alla Nazi-
mova has been
an interesting
figure of the
cinema as well
as the speaking
stage





Mme. Nazimova has broken away from Metro Pictures to produce for herself. She has been with Metro since she scored something of a sensational film hit in "Revelation." The camera studies on these two pages were made on Mme. Nazimova's California estate following the completion of her silversheet version of "Camille"

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

The Magic Flower

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

ONCE upon a time there lived a very charming, rather idealistic young fairy, who delighted in uplift work and new-fangled settlement ideas and who felt the moral duties of her fairyhood to quite an unusual degree. This little highbrow fairy looked one day upon Man and the World with pensive and critical eyes.

"It is true," she said, "these so-called human beings are quite miserable creatures. Like ugly grey toads they crawl on their hapless way, always earthy and of the earth, and forever strangers to stars and moon and sunlight, to the radiant air and the blue ether, in short to all things bright and clear and joyful and truly perfect. And yet—yet there must be a jewel hidden even in the breast of these toadlike beings. Is not theirs 'the heart that longeth ever' and cannot out of this eternal longing spring at last the flower of beauty and perfection? All that they need, these people, is a touch of Magic, a glimpse of Wonder, a taste of Mystery. We fairies have been too exclusive lately; we have not taken the proper interest in the lower classes of creation, and thus it is quite natural that, without our help, mankind should sink deeper and deeper into the slough of sorrow and despair. I am going to change all this. I am going to bring Magic and Wonder, the most delightful gifts of the Gods, into the life of our poor earth-born brothers, and I will make of them quite different beings."

With these words she sallied down from the distant star on which she lived to our own less-favored earth, lifted her famous wand, and, forthwith, in the middle of a deep-green meadow there bloomed the Magic Flower. Of course, reader, you know all about the Magic Flower. Poets have sung of it, knights have searched for it, young shepherds dreamed about it in moon-haunted nights, and old men tell wonderful tales about its

strange and mysterious power. Whoever plucks this flower with his own hands and wears it on his hat becomes the most happy and blessed of all mortals. Sorrow and Care flee far from him, and the Joy of Eternal Youth fills his heart. The Invisible Kingdom of the Soul is his lot and portion. This Magic Flower the little fairy caused to bloom there for the first comer to find. And then, with a happy and expectant smile she sat down on a moss-grown stone waiting to see what would happen.

In a little while there appeared one of those mortals, in whom she took so kind and intelligent an interest, and he hurried, preoccupied, towards the vernal meadow. The little fairy lost no time in accosting the wanderer and said: "Good luck to thee, friend! Here blooms the Magic Flower. Pluck it quickly, put it on thy hat, and the deep

content of the Immortals will be thine forever." But the man did not heed her words. First good-naturedly, then rather gruffly, he told her to leave him in peace. His day's work was waiting for him; the few pennies he earned by hard labor were sorely needed and he had no time to waste on idle talk. "Magic Flower," he sneered, "a nice time of the day to speak of Magic Flowers. As if anyone in the world would believe in such nonsense." And with these words he quickened his pace, crossed the meadow and soon disappeared in the dust of the highway.

Disappointed and saddened, the little fairy sat down again to wait, and her kind little heart was cheered when another man loomed into view. This was a rather old fellow, looking ponderous and important, wearing big eye-glasses and carrying a large vasculum, and he also walked straight towards the wonderful meadow.

"Hark," called the little fairy to him. "Hark, my friend! Here blooms the Magic Flower. Pluck it (Continued on p. 72)



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London

HUGH WALPOLE

A new photograph of the English novelist



The Eve of St. Catherine

A Mediæval Drama in One Act

By Kendall Banning

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

Copyright, 1921, by Kendall Banning

SCENE: The chapel of the Convent of St. Catherine la Vierge,
in the Province of Touraine, France.
TIME: St. Catherine's Eve, 1435 A. D.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY (In the order of their appearance)

SISTER CLOTHILDE, the Nun	} Burgundian Soldiers
YVONNE, the Girl	
GUY	
RENÉ	
FRANÇOIS	
M. LE CURÉ	

(In the distance are heard the bells of the convent chiming an ancient hymn. The curtain rises slowly. The dim light of the altar candles reveals SISTER CLOTHILDE at the right, kneeling upon the cushions before the life-sized image of St. Catherine. The effigy is clad in a robe of gold cloth; by her side rests a golden wheel, the symbol of the patron saint of virgins. Before the image stands the altar table, covered with an embroidered cloth. Out of the shadows in the background rises a great church window, in the center; toward the left is the heavy chapel



Sister Clothilde unbolted the door. Yvonne knelt precipitately before her. "Quick—quick, Sister Clothilde—bar the door! They—they are coming!" she cried

door, barred and bolted. The devotions of the nun are broken into by the sudden and violent pounding upon the door, accompanied by the cries of a girl without.)

YVONNE:
(Without) Sanctuary! Sanctuary! In the name of God, open the door!

(SISTER CLOTHILDE unbolts the door and opens it to the visitor, who rushes in precipitately and kneels before her.)

Quick—quick, Sister Clothilde—bar the door! They—they are coming! (She weeps hysterically.)

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(Bolting the door and raising YVONNE gently.) Who are coming, Yvonne?

YVONNE:
The Burgundians!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
So they have really come at last! (She crosses herself.)

YVONNE:
Already, Sister, some of them—are within the gates!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
How do you know, Yvonne?

YVONNE:
I saw them—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
When, child?

YVONNE:
Just now—as I left the house—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
You left the house tonight?

YVONNE:
There was no one else to go, Sister. My two sisters fled yesterday; only I stayed to look after grandfather.

And Philippe left a fortnight ago to join the army of the king—he promised to be back—

Philippe?
SISTER CLOTHILDE:

YVONNE:
Philippe is—my lover, Sister. We are to be married. He promised—to bring us aid. But an hour ago grandfather had another spell—I thought he was to die—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Yes, Yvonne.

YVONNE:
And I was afraid. So I ran out—to fetch the surgeon—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Alone?

YVONNE:
There was no one else to go, Sister . . . I had scarce turned the corner when three great men spied me—(she covers her face with her hands.)

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
And then?

YVONNE:
They swore strange oaths—and made to seize me. And I ran, Sister—ran—all the way here—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Here you are safe, child.

YVONNE:
(Gazing about in wonderment.) But where are all the Sisters tonight?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
They departed for Meylanne this morning, Yvonne. The Canon of the cathedral sent orders to leave for a few days—till the danger of invasion was past.

YVONNE:
And they left you here?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Me and old Paul, the gardener; he is in the tower now, ringing the chimes.

YVONNE:
But why did you not go to Meylanne, too?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Someone had to stay, Yvonne. The altar must be tended this night.

YVONNE:
So you are left in the convent—alone! (Terrified) The saints protect us!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
St. Catherine will protect us, Yvonne. Pray to her!

YVONNE:
But could not the altar be tended other nights, as well, Sister Clothilde?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Know you not what night it is?

YVONNE:
Why, Thursday—no, Friday. Is it not?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
It is the Eve of St. Catherine.

YVONNE:
The Eve of St. Catherine. (Slowly comprehending and pointing to the image.) Hers?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
The patron saint of the virgins, Yvonne,—our guardian saint this night!

YVONNE:
And for this you stayed behind—to pray?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
To keep this holy anniversary, Yvonne, as it has been kept unbroken for over a hundred years.

YVONNE:
(Overcome with admiration, she kneels reverently before SISTER CLOTHILDE and kisses her hand.)
You are so good, Sister Clothilde; you are—so good!
(SISTER CLOTHILDE leads her to the altar, where together they pray. While thus engaged, the distant sound of men's voices is heard. YVONNE starts; listens. Her terror returns.) Sister Clothilde! The Burgundians! . . . They are coming—here! (Both listen. The voices come nearer, punctuated by coarse laughter.) They are coming to get me, Sister! They have followed me—here!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Peace, child. We are on hallowed ground.
The visitors pause without the door. "Did she go in here?" questions one voice. "Aye, where else could she go?" another replies. "Well, let us enter and see," a third voice decides. The others concur, and a loud knock is heard. YVONNE sinks in terror beside SISTER CLOTHILDE, who stands calmly before the altar, facing the doorway. "Open the door!" cries a coarse voice without. "Damn your souls, open up or we break in!"

YVONNE:
Hide, Sister—quick!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Where will you be safer, child, than here before the altar of the blessed saint?

YVONNE:
But they will break in and seize us!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Only if it is the Will of God.
(Failing to get a reply, the men without batter down the door. As it falls with a crash, there enter GUY RENÉ and FRANÇOIS, bearing flaming torches and armed and ready for attack; YVONNE hides herself hastily under the altar table.)

GUY:
(Pointing to SISTER CLOTHILDE.) Is that the merry wench for whom you drag us thither? I faith man, you have a sombre taste! (He claps RENÉ on the back and both break into boisterous laughter. FRANÇOIS, apparently realizing for the first time that he has entered a chapel, pauses to do obeisance to the altar.)



"In the name of the blessed St. Catherine—behold!" cried Sister Clothilde. The intruders fell back, shocked to momentary silence

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Good friends, what seek you here?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
By command of our most noble liege, King Charles of France.

RENÉ:
Hast seen a lass pass this way?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
What lass?

RENÉ:
Oh, a pretty enough minx, with a well-turned figure and a bold eye for the men, withal:

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
To my knowledge, no such lass has passed here within the hour.

GUY:
Come, come, good dame, an' if she enters, how indeed could she pass? Do you harbor the girl?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
This is the Convent of St. Catherine the Virgin, and therefore sanctuary for whomsoever enters the doors.

GUY:
Sanctuary? By whose command?

GUY:
(Snapping his fingers contemptuously.) That for your puppet king! Soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy recognize no such crown. Come, friends, we will search the place.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(Barring his way.) This is consecrated ground and therefore sacred from intrusion.

GUY:
And I, woman, shall intrude henceforth upon the Province of Touraine wheresoever I will. But produce the woman and we will go our way.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
And if I cannot? (Guy glares at her for a brief moment, then roughly starts to brush her aside without further parley.)

FRANCOIS:
(Laying a restraining hand upon Guy.) Your pardon, (Continued on page 63)

John Galsworthy

By Frank Harris

[This is the fourth of Frank Harris' new series of contemporary portraits, now appearing in SHADOWLAND. Mr. Harris writes from first-hand knowledge and his articles are of unusual interest. Next month Mr. Harris will deal with Rudyard Kipling.]

JOHN GALSWORTHY is a typical Englishman: typical in being proud of it, typical, too, in exaggerating some of the faults of the race.

For instance, the notice he has given of himself in "Who's Who" is simply a dry-as-dust account of the books and plays he has produced with their dates. And, when you ask him about his own life, he will give you a few "meagre details"—because, as he says, he believes that "anything intimate about one's personality, origin and bringing-up is better left till one is dead," when, of course, it is all a matter of guess-work, for the authentic information is lacking.

Still, here is what Galsworthy is willing to tell a friend: "My father was a Devonshire man and London solicitor of considerable substance, so that I have never been dependent on my pen. My mother was of a family settled in Worcestershire for centuries. I am wholly English on both sides. I was born at Coombe in Surrey in 1867 and spent my early days in the house built there by my father (now considerably enlarged, where Lord Ripon lives).

"I went to a good preparatory school at Bournemouth called Sangeen and afterwards to Harrow, 1881-1886, and thence to New College, Oxford, 1886-1889, where I took an M.A. in law."

Galsworthy admits that he had a very happy home and a very good time all thru his childhood and school and college days, which simply proves not only that his home surroundings were healthy and sweet, but also that he was in intimate relations with his surroundings, both at school and at college. An ordinary boy; not particularly intellectual nor set apart by any special talents or graces. He was monitor for two years at Harrow and proud of the fact that he was captain of the football eleven and the gymnasium eight. A "regular

fellow,"—or as an Englishman would say, a good all-round man.

He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1890 and read for the Chancery Bar first, then for the Admiralty Bar, but without success. "No good," he says, "I could not catch on."

The real Galsworthy now begins to show thru. A late development but none the less assured.

"I traveled a lot," he says, "and never thought of writing till I was nearly twenty-eight."

When I questioned him about his childhood and the formative influences of his life, I got one or two glimpses of light from him which may be given here.

When he was a little boy, he said, he used to devour books—all sorts of novels; and used to play all manner of imaginary games, but these were the only signs he ever gave in his boyhood of becoming a writer of fiction.

But now to the natural imaginative gift came the so-called chance or incentive:

*"Paul planted and Apollos watered
But God alone giveth the increase."*

Apollos was to water. On one of his voyages Galsworthy met Joseph Conrad, whom he still speaks of as his first literary friend, tho at the time neither of them had begun to write. Out of his friendship for Conrad he fell in with De Maupassant; later he met Edward Garnett, the critic, and became acquainted with the books of Turgenev; and these he admits were the formative influences of his first writing years, which he confesses were naturally very stumbling.

Fate at first was rather unkind to him. He was destined to be a good writer—almost a great writer—and great writing has few admirers tho the few disciples are usually fervent. He told me once that in his first ten writing years he made under a hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, all told.

Yet he stuck at it. The imaginative gift was in him and he had the English grit to wrestle with the difficulty till he won a blessing from it. His real battle was fought over "The Island Pharisees," which he wrote and re-wrote

Continued on p. 69)



Photograph by Campbell Studio

WILLIAM ARCHER

The British critic, whose play, "The Green Goddess," has attracted much attention



IRENE CASTLE TREMAN

Photographic Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

How Fares the American Photoplay?

By Frederick James Smith

THE other day someone mentioned to Will Rogers the flood of foreign photoplays now invading the country. On which Will commented: "What are they importin' them for? Ain't we making 'em bad enough?"

There is a thought in Rogers' humor. Indeed, several thoughts. Right now, the American motion picture is on the threshold of something—just what, the optimists and pessimists disagree upon. Anyway, there is a crisis in what certain people call the "fil-em industry."

In truth, the American film was never in a more chaotic state. Naturally, in the course of its twenty or so years of development it has passed thru many desperate periods. But the present one is critical in every phase.

First, the business of making silent dramas—which now and then borders on art but more often is something entirely different—is at an exceedingly low ebb. That is, the film world has been reaping the whirlwind with waste, bad methods and sheer ignorance. And the whirlwind descended a few months ago. After everyone has run to cover, it developed that production had been cut at least fifty per cent. A slight—and natural—recovery can now be noted.

But this is not the serious side of the business weakness. The whole field of photoplay creation and exhibition is torn by bickering and even open warfare. Manufacturers are fighting each other, to the ultimate injury of the film play, and, worse, there is a widening gulf between the exhibitor and the producer. Indeed, an outright battle may develop between the independent theater owner and certain large producing interests.

Right here let us go back to the beginning of the celluloid drama and the odd phases of development it has taken. The artistic level of the speaking stage always depended upon the intelligence and aesthetic purpose of its producers. That is, if John Blank had the courage and imagination to produce a fine drama, he had but to engage a theater and await results. It was then directly up to the public.

The film play has developed entirely differently. Since the early pioneer days, when certain companies in combination forced their products upon exhibitors, the theater owner has had to be considered. In other words, the manufacturer was not dealing with the public but with a middleman, the exhibitor. The producer's courage and imagination—to borrow the phrase we used in speaking of the stage—amounted to nothing if the exhibitor did not respond to his product. This put the artistic development in jeopardy, because the film play had to satisfy the newly developed order of exhibitors before it could reach the public.

If the exhibitor failed to understand and appreciate, then the photoplay perforce must stagnate. We doubt if this phase seriously worried producers. But the financial development was also in jeopardy. Hence the various efforts to force photoplays upon exhibitors and thus control all ends of the mo-

tion picture thru various schemes, all of which has brought about the possibility of battle between the exhibitor and the producer.

There is something to be said for both sides in this problem. A great percentage of exhibitors, always excepting such brilliant showmen as S. L. Rothapfel, has been discouragingly unappreciative of better efforts. An equally large percentage of producers has been trying to squeeze the last cent out of the photoplay.

To return to the artistic problem: The quick development of motion pictures—all within the aforementioned twenty years or so—brought all conditions of business men into the field. Here its development resembled the early moments of the automobile industry. This phase of cheap promotion has improved but motion pictures must go higher. Until bigger and finer mentalities control its business, the artistic progress will be slight. Unlike any other activity in the world, photoplay making is both business and art.

All these years, while the American screen has been struggling thru the slough of handicapped endeavor—the photoplay has been working its way around the world. Americans have come to look upon the film play as essentially American, despite the fact that the first big things of the cinema, as "Cabiria" and "Les Misérables," came from abroad. But short-sighted exhibitors decided that our country did not want film products from abroad. Before these bonds could be shaken off, the world war came, with its shut-down of all things unimperialistic.

Now foreign photoplays are breaking into our country. We suddenly awaken to find that Germany can make superb pictures, that Italy and France are doing interesting things and that England, too, is trying. At one stroke the striking success of the first foreign products has revealed the weaknesses of our photoplay.

The American silent drama has attained a certain superficial technical perfection. It is matchless in elaborateness of studio detail and fine lighting. But, from an artistic standpoint, it fails. And the failure can be at once traced back to the inherent weaknesses of our method of production.

Stupidity and lack of finer perception at the helm have evolved a set method of making picture plays. The same quality on the part of the middleman—the exhibitor—has decided that this set method is what he wants. Result, a formula style of production; formula in the construction of the story, in directorial methods of telling it, in the very acting. Save for rare exceptions, the screen characters have not lived.

They are routine manikins moving in a routine way thru a routine story.

On the other hand, foreign directors have found it possible to experiment. We do not place the credit wholly to foreign directors' superior imagination, skill or courage. Our directors have not been permitted to venture, nor have they dared to try. The system has ground out originality and personality.

(Continued on page 61)

"The American silent drama has attained a certain superficial technical perfection. But, from an artistic standpoint, it fails. And the failure can be at once traced back to the inherent weaknesses of our method of production."

"Stupidity and lack of finer perception at the helm have evolved a set method of making picture plays. Result, a formula style of production; formula in the construction of the story, in directorial methods of telling it, in the very acting."

"What disturbs us is the fact that there are no indications of a single real effort to advance American picture plays, even in the face of Europe's progress."



Photograph by Abbe

BROADWAY'S KEWPIE

*Thelma Addison is the piquant Kewpie Doll
of the Summer revue, "The Broadway Whirl"*

The Melody Makers

By Louis Raymond Reid

*Just what is this strange fascination
That sets all composers athrill?
Show me a picturesque river
And I'll show you a songwriter's mill.
The Yukon, the Swanee, the Volga
In favorite verses belong;
All you need are love—and a river
And you have, sir, a popular song.*

WHEN the professional handshakers mount the platforms and proceed to spout oratory concerning the grand and glorious country we live in, we may be pretty sure they will pay tribute to the wheat fields of the Middle West, the steel mills of Pennsylvania, the Southern cotton belt, the glory of our cities, the dominance of our industries. But one and all will omit any reference to our rivers. I have heard the "orator-of-the-day" on many occasions and, while he is mindful of America's greatness, particularly the "great men of his party," he is strangely neglectful of the part that our rivers have played in our history.

And yet, if it were not for our rivers, what would become of our songs and the songwriting industry? Some man once said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I don't care who makes her laws," or words to that effect. He was a wise man. He knew that a song can reflect the spirit of a land, can inspire and glorify it (al- tho it usually doesn't). But the lawmakers appear to be blissfully unconscious of the fact or, if they are not, they don't speak about it. A river to them usually means something to be dredged or widened or narrowed for the welfare of the constituents. We would be a considerably demoralized land were it not for our songs. And as our songs are based upon our rivers—at least most of them are—you can readily realize what importance, musically, we have assumed.

We lead the world in songwriting — probably because we have more rivers than any other country. Our supply of rivers has not even begun to be exhausted, possibly because so much concentration has been placed upon the Mississippi. Without the Mississippi it is doubtful if America would be leading the world in songwriting. With the Mississippi, the most picturesque river

from the composer's standpoint, America clinches the melody *grand prix* with ease. The moon, the spring, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas have all played their share—and a large share it is—in inspiring the words-and-music boys of Broadway. But what a pitifully small proportion of the songs of the nation they represent in comparison to the melodies that have been inspired by the rivers of the land!

The professional songwriter is never at a loss for material in America. With love as his basic theme he merely has to glance briefly at the geography and, lo and behold, there spring magically into being songs of the Hudson, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Delaware—the list is limitless. The desire to record scenic impressions in a sentimental key is tremendous in this country. Tin Pan Alley is figuratively a stupendous sightseeing experience. And most of the trips are made down the Mississippi. The Swanee has been glorified by Stephen Foster. It inspired the most famous song ever written in the United States. But the Mississippi has found its way into statistics—at least the statistics of the songwriters. It has been represented by the greatest number of songs.

The combination of Southern scenes, lazy side-wheelers and opportunity for negro rhythm offered by the Mississippi is irresistible. No song writer who rimes "love" with "stars above" has failed

to do his duty by the Mississippi. He has but had to launch a "Robert E. Lee" and Broadway is "floatin' 'long the river scenes, 'tween St. Lou' and New Orleans" at every cabaret and vaudeville theater.

Perhaps the day will come when the Mississippi will be dried up musically. But America need not fear losing the lead in songwriting. There are a thousand other rivers to be tapped. And tho there are some, like the Connecticut, which, from a lyrical standpoint, may be dammed, there are others, such as the Susquehanna, that are fairly teeming with lyrical possibilities.

New Jersey is badly off, musically. One cannot do much with a river that bears such a name as Passaic. Hackensack is not much better. There is too great a rural quality in it to suggest the sentimental, tho it has much to recommend it for the comic. Raritan is a rimable word but as
(Continued on p. 71)



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

LEON ERROL
Popular comedian of "Sally"



JULIA BARNES

*An Interesting Photograph of the Actress
by Maurice Goldberg*

My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

EVERYONE now-a-days strives for self-expression in one form or another. The musician finds it in harmony and rhythm; the artist in form and color; the dancer in grace of movement; the author in colorful words. But the woman who is clever enough to express her personality in the clothes she wears leads all the rest.

Any woman may buy a dress that looks well in a shop window. But every successful merchant knows that a dress to be a good seller must have the qualities that make it becoming to a great many women—a combination of art and commercialism.

Too often we see a straight-line woman



Photograph (above) by F. A. Geisler
Photograph (left) by Old Masters Studio

Top, Lucile hat and gown.
Posed by Irene Castle
Tremman. *Left*, Evening
gown of pussy willow
meteor combined with
lace and jet beading.
Posed by Adele Rowland

wearing a picture-type frock and vice versa. What, for instance, could be more unfitting than a demure, golden-haired young woman in a Spanish costume, beautiful in line and color but intended only for a statuesque, black-haired beauty?

There are many charming picture dresses following the styles of various periods, so well carried out that they are a delight to behold. Not every woman, however, can afford to indulge in such clothes, as they must fit into a particular setting and be worn by a distinct type of woman.

Distinctive dressing is a subtle art—so also is simple dressing; and those who are truly initiated know that they are not mere matters of ease and economy.

Not every woman can afford to go to a high-priced dressmaker who will study her type and change original models until they are suited to her—but she can use her intelligence to study her type, choose her own distinctive style of dress and adhere to it with few variations.

Fashion Pronouncements

Dresses are cut in simple ways and are simple in effect, but decoration or combining material supplies elaboration and elegance. Things which enter into the ornamentation are in themselves expensive. Ribbon, narrow or wide, is seen on nearly every garment. Loops, streamers, bows, flowers and fringes are the features of the

SHADOWLAND

moment. Charming afternoon and dinner dresses are composed of rows of ribbons joined with lace insertions.

There seems to be no desired escape from the straight-line type of dress—and wider skirts, featured by French designers are no longer a new story here.

One source of the fountain of youth seems to have been discovered by the designers: the youthful appearance which short skirts give. There is little feeling that the ankle length skirt will become popular for a long time, as women will be loath to take up this less flattering fashion.

Sleeves are long, short and medium, according to the type and use of the costume and the whim of the maker. There is still a noticeable effort to make the high neck and long sleeves a popular fashion and with the waning of summer there will be more adherents to this style.

The irregular bottom line obtains in formal dresses,



particularly when made of supple fabrics. The slender look of street models is enhanced by long lines of trimming, front openings from neck to hem—and there are some smart conceits that take on the idea of a Russian blouse dress with braid trimming.

Graceful Wraps

Nothing could be much simpler, more readily donned or more becoming than the shawl wrap if worn in the smart way fashion has decreed.

Thru the summer season shawls have been the favorite conceit for dressy street wear, for resorts and evening, and the vogue is being carried into fall. Beautiful Venetian and Spanish squares are among the variety and the shops show graceful affairs of crepe or poplin with borders of fringe.

For early fall wear there are elegant garments of silk duvetyn and there are (Continued on page 61)



Photograph (above) by White Studio
Photographs (left and right) by Old Masters Studio

Top, Tennis costume in black and white, from Abercrombie and Fitch. Posed by Eva Le Gallienne.
Left, Gown of indestructible-voile trimmed with ciré ribbon. Designed by Joseph Eckstein. Posed by Betty Blythe.
Right, Wrap of Mallinson's satin duvetyn and dove down. Designed by Faber & Hein. Hat of dove down with coque from Gage Bros. Posed by Lady Helen Montague



Nobility Enters

THERE is nothing unusual about the fact that nobility comes to our shores. Did we not entertain the Prince of Wales, the Queen of Roumania—and others?

But when it comes to a member of nobility entering our Fame and Fortune Contest—that's different. We had thought—until the day of contests—that there was nothing new—in the way of girls—under the sun. We thought they were either blonde or brunette, plump or thin, and let it go at that. But, when thousands of photographs from all parts of this country and others came pouring in for our inspection, we found that we were mistaken. That types among girls—also men, tho there's not quite such a diversity—are as plentiful as the sands of the sea. We became accustomed to this fact and prepared for anything and then—along came Mlle. Lada d' Archenersky—we defy anyone but a Russian to pronounce it



Nobility has entered the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest in the person of Mlle. Lada d'Archenersky, daughter of a Russian noble and at present dancing at Nice, France. At the left is another honor roll contestant, known only as "Bubbles," and herself a dancer whose home is in Baltimore, Md.

correctly; it's enough to spell it—and we sat up and realized that into the third of our Fame and Fortune Contests, there had come a new interest.

Mlle. Lada is of medium height, five feet three inches, to be exact, and she has a vivid, sensi-

tive face, hair that shines like copper and eyes of brownish green.

She was born in Parlorsk, near Petrograd, the daughter of a Russian noble.

Mlle. Lada is only seventeen years old but her life has known strange, terrible unforgettable things. Her father's family was stripped of their great wealth and numerous possessions.

Lada, as she is known on the stage, did what she could. She worked her way about, singing, dancing—meanwhile doing what she could for troubled Russia. At present she is dancing in Nice, France.

"Bubbles," we don't know her other name, was born in Baltimore, Md., and is an Oriental dancer. She is a decided brunette with an extraordinarily expressive face, is five feet five inches in height, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, and confesses to the age of twenty-three. Her home address is 642 Cokesbury Ave.

Opera and Ballet in Paris

(Continued from page 41)

house. And there was still time to give a prominent place in the repertoire to other Wagner operas.

The curious idea the German Imperial Government had of adopting the entire Wagnerian paraphernalia into its military outfit made Wagner taboo in France through the period of the war, the Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and other of the older German composers figured freely in French programs. But not long after the signing of the treaty of Versailles, the name of Wagner reappeared on the concert lists, and late last winter the Opéra reverted to him with a revival of "Die Walküre," which was immediately successful. "Siegfried" followed soon.

The performance of "Siegfried," which I have seen at the Opéra, was notable for the excellent playing of the orchestra under the direction of Camille Chevillard. The Opéra is a smaller and more intimate house than our own Metropolitan and of more resonant acoustics. The "Siegfried" score heard under these conditions resumed the heroic proportions that we almost forget exist in Metropolitan performances. The orchestra of the Opéra is sometimes a term of reproach, but there are two French leaders for whom this band really plays—Rühlmann, now gone to the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, greatly to the loss of the Opéra, and Chevillard. As the foremost symphonic conductor of France, Chevillard has long been a recognized specialist in Beethoven and Wagner. His eminent abilities as a Wagner conductor he has brought with him to the Opéra. Orchestrally this performance of "Siegfried" was epic in its large outlines and its imposing sonorities, finely wrought as to detail, rich throat in the magic clamor of Nibelungen gold.

For the scenery, which was commonplace and badly lighted, and for the people on the stage, I cannot say so much. In the title rôle Verdier, a tenor with a voice of iron rather than of gold, whom I remember as Tristan and the Siegfried of "Götterdämmerung" before the war, was more suggestive of May Irwin than of the heaven-descended forest youth, but decidedly less funny than that greatly relished comedian. Mlle. Demougeot, a workmanlike Brünnhilde, found the music of the part damagingly high for her solid but not soaring soprano. Duclos and Lafitte as Alberich and Mime were better vocally than dramatically, a phenomenon I never observed before in impersonators of those wicked dwarfs. The vocal honors of the occasion were shared by the veteran bass-barytone Delmas, whose imposing voice, ringing, fresh, and vibrant, seemed to have been drenched in the fountain of youth, and Mlle. Lepeyrette as Erda. Their scene together, against the vast background of the orchestral storm, was the feature of the

evening. The Opéra was filled to capacity, as I understand it always is when "Siegfried" is given, and the applause of the audience was proportioned to its size.

For the seven nights of the Russian Ballet, Serge Diaghileff's Ballet Russe, which in other years we have known in New York, all smart Paris and many others besides trooped down to the shabby, rickety old Gaité-Lyrique, a house that looks like one of the theatrical derelicts of the New York Bowery—a *boîte* if ever there was one. By "many others," I mean such persons of international note in the world of art as Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, once himself conductor of the Russian Ballet; Leopold Stokowski and Olga Samaroff-Stokowski of Philadelphia; Raoul Gunsbourg, the celebrated director of the Monte Carlo opera; the Russian painters, Léon Bakst and Michael Larionov; Igor Stravinsky and Serge Prokofiev, Russian composers, and a score of others. Word went round that this might actually be the end of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, which more than any other single element during the last ten years was effective in revolutionizing the art of stage production, that the present visit to Paris of the famous organization might be the last. Well, if this was a farewell funeral, the obsequies were loud and brilliant. And if dead, the Russian Ballet has not died without an heir. The Swedish Ballet has been something of a sensation in London and is soon to visit Paris.

I have seen more effective performances of those pillars of the Diaghileff repertoire, "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird," when the Russians visited New York. But "The Consecration of Spring" and "Chout," neither of which New York has seen, were done superbly, and there was a series of Andalusian dances, collectively called "Cuadro Flamenco," which were exceedingly interesting and effective in the old-and-newness of the national Andalusian tang, tho' obviously not—and some Parisians complained bitterly of the incongruity—Russian.

"The Consecration of Spring," a score which, like those of "The Fire Bird" and "Petrouchka," issued from the pen of the Russian revolutionist in tone, Igor Stravinsky, is an experience and a sensation vouchsafed only unto modern man. This ballet represents the rites of the springtime in remote and pagan Russia. Tho' it was first produced as long ago as 1913, it remains the furthest excursion music has yet made in the direction of what may rather vaguely be termed "modernism"—unless the soundings uttered by the "improvising orchestra" of the Italian futurist Marinetti can be defined as music. "The Consecration of Spring" is no improvisation;

it is written down in a score like the Fifth Symphony or the prelude to "Parsifal." Its hurricane of overmastering rhythms and unearthly sonorities is all there in black marks on white paper for a conductor and his orchestra to unleash when they may.

It is worth remembering that at the very first performance given by the Russian Ballet in 1913, the extremely distinguished Parisian audience was outraged and infuriated from the opening measures. The hisses and groans and catcalls actually covered the formidable noise of the huge Stravinsky orchestra. Nevertheless, Stravinsky had the active support of a few far-seeing musicians and they brought about a performance of the work as a symphonic piece at one of the Concerts Monteux (under the direction of Pierre Monteux, who conducted it likewise with the Russian Ballet). Hearing it under these conditions, even the hide-bound reactionaries were forced to admit that it was a work of extraordinary merit as well as of extraordinary novelty.

As I have said, this ballet represents to the eye springtime rites of pagan Russia. Stravinsky himself has told us that in it he seeks to evoke "the sublime recrudescence of nature renewing herself . . . the vague and profound trouble of universal purity . . . the sacred terror before the sun of noon." The original choreography was the inspiration of Nijinsky, that flame-like genius of music and the dance, dead untimely. The choreography used this time is by another Russian dancer, Massine. Games and ceremonials appropriate to the vernal season follow one another until the Chosen Damsel, set apart for sacrifice and worshipped by her companions, is caught in the tide of ecstasy, and so, crazed with the urge of the spring and the supremacy of her mission, whirls in frenzied dance until from the very madness of her ecstasy she falls—dead; a crowning oblation in the Consecration of the Spring.

The Massine choreography is said officially to be less "anecdotic" and "symbolistic" than that of Nijinsky—vague, more mysterious; less a matter of explicit representation, more a matter of suggestion. This may all be true—there has been quite a little battling about it here in the Paris press—but certainly it is explicit enough. For instance, there is a sort of wrestling match among the male dancers, while the onlookers sit around the combatants in symmetrical groups using their fists in imitation, or at least suggestion, of opera glasses. Again, the young women indulge in a species of movement which is an unmistakable allusion to the Broadway "shimmy" craze of recent date. It is all very "amusing," to adopt the slang of the studio, and often very impressive,

Opera and Ballet in Paris

and the death dance of the Chosen Damsel has a moving power of intoxication that stabs into the quick of things. It was all danced against a vernal sweep of steppe and sky from the brush of Professor Roerich, which had the intrinsic fervor and waxing might that should go with this primitive picture of the ruthless childhood of the world.

If this music, the most "advanced" yet written, is supposed to shock, I am afraid the shock has gone out of all music. Strauss and Reger, Stravinsky and Ornstein, and a host of lesser moderns have so fed us up with the T.N.T. of tone that some element still more blasting must be discovered before we get another shock. Stravinsky's music in this ballet, for all its smiting discords, its brutal rhythms, its unheard-of screeches, and its overwhelming weight, shocks me no more than do the Fifth Symphony and the prelude to "Parsifal." I find it a work of great talent, if not positively of genius (it is still a little young to have its genius given a final verdict), carried out with the utter technical mastery that indicates the man who knows what he wants to do and does it. Unfortunately, there seems to be little chance of its being danced in America, whether or not the Diaghileff troupe be actually on its last legs. But as a symphonic piece it might well be done for us. Certainly the wartime difficulty that for a while prevented the obtaining of the score for concert performance in America must be at an end, and Pierre Monteux, who led it first, ought to lead it for us next season in performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"Chout" (The Buffoon), by Serge Prokofieff (whose futurist opera, "The Love of the Three Oranges," the Chicago Opera Association is really going to stage next season), has the advantage of being genuinely funny. The buffooneries of the hero, his wife, the other buffoons and their wives and daughters, a rich merchant, who seeks a wife, seven frivolous soldiers, and an unfortunate nannygoat are quite side-splitting in the seeing. Moreover, the somewhat cubistic settings and costumes by the young Russian painter Larinov, a riot of reds and oranges, with some sedate browns and blues and greys and greens, go delightfully with the various episodes.

Prokofieff's music impressed me as his orchestral music always has—the commonplace, adroitly disarranged and brilliantly scored, for whatever else Prokofieff may or may not be, he does write brilliantly for the modern orchestra. At one point he gets a richly comic instrumental effect by dividing his 'cellos and double basses into three groups each and making them play harmonics high up in the treble, which is a "touch" even in these days of every conceivable kind of instrumental acrobatic and unprecedented stunt.

The "Cuadro Flamenco" is a series of Spanish songs and dances done solely to

the strumming of two guitars and the learned and fascinating rhythms and counter-rhythms of tapping feet and clapping hands. This "Cuadro Flamenco" is distinctly of the people. It has the racy, downright quality of the street show or the popular cabaret. Personally, I found it quite irresistible in its exotic charm and almost barbaric verve, but Paris in general has denounced it roundly, even tho La Rubia de Jerez, a tall young woman waving in billowy flounces, is in her Iberian way one of the most fascinating dancers eye hath ever beheld. I believe the whole outfit would be a sensation on Broadway, tho the extreme sobriety of Picasso's quaintly formalized scenery might have to be discarded in favor of the gorgeous explosions of color that counted for so much in the success in New York of the Spanish zarzuela "The Land of Joy."

The Opéra and the Opéra Comique seem habitually to be drawing crowded houses. Aside from Wagner, the current event at the former theater is the production of "Antar," the Arabian opera of the late Gabriel Dupont. "Antar" has many eloquent partisans, some of whom maintain that it is just the opera for America. Appearing in it is Fanny Heldy, who for her beauty, her slenderness, her chic, to say nothing of her talent, is the most talked-of soprano in Paris today. Some profess to see in her another Mary Garden. I confess I believe that it is far more likely that she will come to America than it is that "Antar" will come to our shores.

At the Opéra Comique, Madeleine Mathieu, regarded as now the best Carmen at that first home of "Carmen," is also talked about as a future likelihood for America. Another soprano whose talent and beauty indicate an American visit is Mireille Berthon.

Concerts are numerous just now in Paris. The other day Pierre Monteux, conducting as "guest" the Colonne Orchestra, did something for American music here by introducing to France "Kubla Khan," the admirable tone poem of the gifted Charles T. Griffes, whose early death was so serious a loss to American music. In hearing this finely imaginative composition, France has had further proof that something other than jazz and the cruder varieties of rag-time can come from musical America.

From among many other concerts, one stands out as unique thru presenting Serge Koussevitzky, the eminent Russian conductor and double-bass virtuoso, as soloist on the latter instrument. Leaning affectionately over the lofty shoulder of his giant bull fiddle, Koussevitzky plays upon the ungainly instrument as a Casals on his 'cello, a Kreisler on his violin. And he plays music by the classic masters that otherwise is unheard. Sooner or later Serge Koussevitzky is sure to visit America.

There is indeed much fare for the hungry ear in Paris.

The Visible Symphony

(Continued from page 37)

source of wealth and power which was suddenly placed at the disposal of the German film companies. In the ascendancy of her films Germany is now reaping the reward for the love, care and thoroughness she has lavished upon her theaters, generation after generation. The capitalists and film impresarios are also wise enough to leave the production of these "light-plays" in the hands of accomplished artists and to the appreciation of an art-loving public.

The German conspiracy against making the world safe for idiosyncrasy in the realm of the film has just assumed the form of another daring experiment. It is an attempt to detach the film from all reality and to infuse it with a new esthetic, sensuous and spiritual content. Here the film soars, if only as a medium, into the realms of purely abstract art. Thru the possibilities—technical, actinic and spatial—presented by the film, we have now attained to the painter of music. This new magician is a young painter, Walter Ruttmann by name. He has given us the true music film, has interpreted the audible in terms of the visible and broken down the barriers or the frontiers between two senses. There has, of course, always been much smuggling and signaling across the frontiers that lie between seeing and hearing. The jargon of art critics resounds with terms taken from the vocabulary of musicians. That of the musical critics is polychromatic with colors borrowed from the painter's palette. One would think that painters laid on color with a fiddle-bow, that fiddlers played with a mahlistick. Every American schoolboy from eight to eighty will assure you with an air of communicating a fresh and ingenious discovery, that a blind man once thought that red resembled the sound of a trumpet. Never do I read a review of an American novel without stumbling upon the dull and dun monotony of that favorite word, "colorful."

Walter Ruttmann is an expressionist artist and to him the film is but a subject thing, a means to an end. He has calmly stuck his brush between the spinning reels of the film-ribbon and said: "Be still. Become my canvas."

Music is the most transcendent and ethereal, the most detached and abstract of all arts—the only true expressionistic art. Ruttmann closed the circle between the expressionistic painter and the musician—who need by no means be expressionistic in the matter of style or technique. The link or bridge he used was color, moving color, piled upon the thin, translucent, inflammable band—that artificial, chemical plasma, an interpretative medium of still unfathomed possibilities, an actinic voice, a vision that soars beyond its mean mechanical or photographic origin, actually the light-bloom of a new art.

Ruttmann's technique in elaborating his visible music, was that already (if very primitively) employed in the manu-

(Continued on page 62)

Amateurs and the Future

(Continued from page 39)

nomical road companies are discouraging. . . . Moving pictures are practically the only means of seeing dramatic themes."

San Antonio, Texas, reports no theater in the town available for a dramatic production. No road company of any sort has visited the town in two years. "I do not believe any city in Texas," the observer writes, "enjoys a dramatic season. . . . Before the high railroad rates went into effect we used to get good road companies, including those of Forbes-Robertson, Arliss and Warfield, and they played to good business."

Oklahoma City, with more than 100,000 inhabitants, has nothing but motion pictures. The Southwest, of course, is a desert. Conditions on the Coast, however, are somewhat better, practically due to the stock companies of Oliver Morosco.

Into the reasons for these depressing conditions the League survey report did not go. Doubtless they are many and complex. But certain ones definitely emerge. Among the first are economic causes (as usual!). The movies are cheaper—cheaper to witness, and cheaper to transport. Moreover, with the movies, the manager can keep his theater open every day, instead of once or twice a week, and his income is fairly steady and assured. The high railroad rates are to blame, of course, for the recent rapid decline of traveling companies, but we must not forget that the decline had set in before the high rates went into effect. They merely hastened matters.

However, it is possible to overwork the economic interpretation of theatrical history. One of the reasons, certainly, why more and better traveling companies do not go to the smaller or more remote towns of the country is because those towns will not properly support them; in other words, do not understand or want them, and do not have theaters, either, which are physically decent enough to satisfy the actors of any standing. At the same Drama League convention at which the survey report was made, Mr. John Peltret, manager for "East is West," then playing in Chicago, delivered an interesting address, full of pungent observation gleaned from his experiences all over the country. He said that in the theaters of our smaller cities there are three obstacles to successful operation—"dirt, the incompetent and often dishonest manager, and the lack of public interest in good plays, well acted." He says that a star of international reputation found the theater in a certain capital city so unsanitary behind the scenes that she wrote to the governor about it. (Without results, by the way.) In a

Massachusetts city not over fifty miles from Boston, the actresses had to put newspapers on the floor to protect their feet from the filth. Incompetent management is most frequently exhibited by the failure to advertise plays properly, to play fair with the public, to keep up the tone and standard of the house. But worst of all, Mr. Peltret says, is the lack of public appreciation of good drama and good acting. He cites "The Saving Grace," acted by Cyril Maude and Laura Hope Crews, which failed on the road; "Beyond the Horizon," Eugene O'Neill's prize play; and "For the Defence," acted by Richard Bennett and a fine company. In Urbana, Illinois (a university town), "For the Defence" took in \$102.50, of which the company's share was \$76.87 (it cost \$800 a day to carry the production), while a musical comedy so poor it lasted only two weeks in Chicago, playing in opposition, took in \$1780. On its tour, the net daily loss for this production was \$300.00. Jesse Lynch Williams' prize play, "Why Marry?" failed on the road as soon as Nat Goodwin was removed by death from the cast. The Theatre Guild's production of "John Ferguson" starved. And so on.

All in all, Mr. Peltret says the better actors will not go on tour now, because the small town theaters are so dirty, the hotels so bad, and, above all, the public so incompetent to appreciate good acting and good drama. "The trickster, the posur, or the kitten with the cute little bag of tricks is more welcome than the serious student. . . . The provinces . . . are getting just the sort of fare they are willing to pay for."

I believe this is in the main true. It is true because the few larger cities have so consistently now, for two generations, drained our best blood to themselves, so that practically all our intellectual and artistic life is centered in a small number of places. Even Boston, once the boasted "Athens of America," supports "leg shows" now most liberally, and lets good dramas starve, dramas that New York welcomes with enthusiasm. Against conditions such as these, and springing from these causes, the professional theater is utterly helpless. It might clean the dressing-rooms, and install competent local managers, but even that would not reduce the railroad fare to Texas, nor make "Beyond the Horizon" financially profitable in Urbana, Illinois. If the spoken drama is to live on in great sections of America, indeed, if it is to be resurrected in certain places where it is now dead, so that a new generation is growing up which has never seen and

heard it at all, the amateurs have got to come to its rescue.

And it would probably surprise most people to learn in how many places, and in how many ways, they are coming to its rescue. For in almost every place there is a small minority of people who love and understand the value, the interest, of true drama; in almost every place now denied a decent professional theater, or any theater at all, there is also a considerable number of people vaguely hungering for something more soul nourishing than cheap movies, people who are ready to be an audience. From this minority come the "little theater" groups, and from these vaguely hungry people they are going to make the audiences of the future.

Professor Frederick Koch, of the University of North Carolina, is a man you don't hear much about on Broadway, naturally. But he is far more important to the future of the American stage in North Carolina than is Belasco or Arthur Hopkins. He teaches the students at the University to write original plays about their own life, their own state, from the mountains to the sea, and to act these plays, too, and design the scenery and make the costumes. His college players, in a bill of one-act plays about North Carolina life, went on a tour of the state this spring. They acted in many a town where no worthy spoken drama, perhaps no spoken drama of any sort, had been seen for months or years, and they brought not cheap bedroom farce, not leg shows, but vital, interesting plays that came close home to the enthusiastic audiences which greeted them. They did, in short, what the professional theater today cannot do. The same sort of thing is going on in Dakota, and the same sort of thing will increasingly go on in many parts of the country, as University after University takes up the study of play-writing and play production, and sends out more and more enthusiastic young men and women who, if no good professional drama is to be had, are able to write and act it themselves. For this, of course, we should not forget to give due credit to George P. Baker, of Harvard, who was the pioneer in the new interest in dramatic production at our colleges.

Then there is the ever growing number of little theaters all over the land, so numerous now that there is actually a magazine devoted to them. As yet, of course, they are but a scratch on the surface, but they do indicate the drift of the future. They mean that because the professional theater can no longer bring

(Continued on page 74)

How Fares the American Photoplay

(Continued from page 51)

David Wark Griffith told us not long ago that it was no longer possible to do things wholly as one wanted to do them—too much money hanging in the balance. A production costing a million dollars must "get over" with the exhibitors.

Draw your own conclusions as to the result. There has been a slightly waning interest in film dramas across our country. We put this wholly up to the stupidity higher up which has thrown our photoplay into a rut. Note the tremendous interest suddenly manifested in the invading foreign films.

Film "authorities" declare that this interest has only asserted itself in the so-called jaded and bored larger cities, that the country as a whole has not responded to the foreign films. If this is true there is but one answer, the exhibitors of the country have not given them a chance. Or else they have not done their part to educate the public to better things. Progress does not come unaided.

To tell the plain truth, the whole industry has been too absorbed in the dollar to do its bit. Let us return to the comments of Mr. Griffith and accept the statement that the independent producer can not afford to experiment today. But there is no excuse for the big producer—with many studios and many producing units—to fail here. Such organizations as Famous Players-Lasky, Goldwyn, Metro and others should have regularly installed departments for experimenting. This should range from mere mechanical and laboratory investigation to outright production methods.

Let us look back over the past screen year and examine the vast amount of American productions for signs of something new. There we find two symptoms: Charlie Ray's subtitle-less play, "The Old Swimmer's Hole," and Hugo Ballin's equally caption-less drama, "Journey's End." Nothing else anywhere! Not a single effort at a new note in story, direction or production. Then turn to the German productions, delving even in impressionism and cubism. No formula-like productions. Everywhere an effort to break away from tradition, or at least such tradition as has developed in the brief life of the photoplay.

What are our directorial leaders doing? From Griffith, who is concerning himself with an old romantic melodrama, "The Two Orphans," on down we see nothing of consequence in sight.

The efforts of certain American interests to bar foreign films do not disturb us. As well try to bar Wells, Shaw, Anatole France or Schnitzler in order to "protect" our American authors and playwrights. However, what does disturb us is the fact that there are no indications of a single real effort to advance American picture plays, even in the face of Europe's progress. What is the American photoplay coming to?

Copeau: The Iconoclast

(Continued from page 35)

subscribed heavily, giving enough to completely remodel the little theater and leaving over a substantial subsidy for the expense of operation. Copeau had most of the original company still with him. He was convinced that there was a field for his work and an audience for a modern theater, and he found both.

Le Vieux Colombier uses no paid publicity whatsoever, depending entirely on posters and announcements which are sent out periodically to a mailing list. The regular clientele now numbers over thirty thousand.

There is one little point on which Copeau is quite insistent, and that is that his theater be as clean and free from dust as a laboratory. It may seem a small thing, but you know the dusty, bedraggled aspects of most stages, especially during rehearsals, and he feels that his care in this matter makes for a pleasanter atmosphere for the players.

M. Copeau has a school at the theater where the rudiments of acting are taught to only very young people. He believes thoroughly in the old adage that "one can't teach new tricks to old dogs." The youngsters are under the supervision of Mlle. Suzanne Bing, who has played leading parts with Le Vieux Colombier since its inception.

The repertoire of Le Vieux Colombier is about evenly divided between classical and modern plays. Perhaps the most popular play on the list is "La Nuit des Rois," which is an adaptation of "Twelfth Night." During this season alone it has been presented over one hundred times. Another interesting presentation was "Paquebot," a one-act play by Prosper Mérimée, which was received with such marked popular favor as to lead to other productions of the same general character.

The interview being over, M. Copeau called his secretary, M. St. Denis, and asked him to conduct us thru the theater and workshops. Le Vieux Colombier is a self-contained institution: everything used in its productions is made on the premises, props, lighting systems, costumes, etc. One is amazed at the physical compactness of Le Vieux Colombier. We have rarely seen such efficient use of space. There is a model carpenter shop, a well-equipped costume atelier, paint shop, lecture room, school, offices, storerooms, everything conceivable to facilitate the producing of plays.

The stage itself is very modern and well constructed. It has a permanent set which does for all productions by the simple expedient of changes in drapings, properties, and lights. The lighting system is most ingenious. It is controlled by an electrician, who does not see the stage, thru a series of signals given by the director. The director's room is at the stage right, and is so arranged as to give him a clear view of house and stage. Copeau has adopted the American system of bunch lights, in addition to border, floods, and light-drums which hang in the auditorium and are made to play upon the stage.

The auditorium is very small, seating only three hundred and fifty. There are no boxes or balconies, but the floor itself is well graded, giving a good view of the stage from any part of the house. The orchestra plays just beneath the fore-stage or in the director's room.

M. Copeau would like to have a much larger theater and reach as big a public as possible, but he does not want to be tied down to the box-office. He asks for the backing of subscribers so that he may be free to experiment more widely than a strict eye to economy and immediate returns would permit. We give you Monsieur Jacques Copeau, an iconoclast who knows how to reconstruct after he has torn down.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 56)

shawls, capes, and also jackets made of silk and wool poplin.

Fabric Hats

The change has been gradual from shaped hats to draped hats but it has been effective and now the smartest thing that one can do in the way of headgear is to wear a hat that is made of something other than the long-accepted hat stuffs.

Hats for bobbed hair have become a necessity in America and the man who conceived a special sort of hat for the bobbed heads is the man who has had a remarkable success this season. Short-brimmed hats, round and snugly fitting have been found to be the most generally satisfactory.

Distinctive Dresses

Silk dresses we have always with us and never have they been so lovely and of such bewildering variety. Crêpe de Chine still holds its own and there are the crêpe back satins, just a little newer, supple, smart and charmingly developed, some of them, with circular flounces or godets inserted below the hip, leaving the fitted waist with very low line. The sash is gracefully adjusted with fringed ends falling at one side. Usually a three-quarter sleeve is seen in afternoon models and a rounded or pointed neckline finished with a bit of lace.

Novelties

From conservative London are coming some of the most lurid things in handkerchiefs that we have ever had. These kerchiefs have an inch-wide hem with patches or squares of contrasting colored linen applied to the corners—like a diminutive old-fashioned patchwork quilt. These are used with sports costumes.

Imported French handkerchiefs are of plain linen in solid color with hand-rolled edges with blocked monograms or with tiny animals of white linen applied in one corner.

The lure of frills for vests is still strong, even for the woman with a short neck. She keeps abreast of the style, however, by selecting models which have flat, plain collars and the frills below.

The Visible Symphony

(Continued from page 59)

facture of the trick or comic film—the moving cartoon drawn by hand—the true moving picture as opposed to the moving photograph. Ruttmann has now produced the moving painting, tho in this instance it is an abstract painting—his expression of another man's symphony. It was necessary to produce thousands upon thousands of drawings, executed with a microscopic accuracy, as well as to ensure an exact registration. It was then necessary to color these drawings with fixed, graduated or variable colors—a task requiring the most prodigious patience and a kind of sixth sense or mathematical *Raumgefühl*, capable of synchronizing time and movement—different movements at the same and at different times—a sort of running application of the Theory of Relativity.

The celluloid ribbon actually became a canvas to this painter, a magic traveling canvas, upon which not only his colors became alive and intensified thru the agency of light, but also one upon which his forms became alive and gigantically mobile, thru the agencies of magnification and movement. The music translated into color and form accomplishes its destiny within so and so many of the tiny sections of the film-ribbon at the tempo decided upon by composer, painter and operator. The film, which like the lens, once aspired to usurp the prestige accorded to art, is once more reduced to its proper place. It has now become a medium, a servitor, a carrier of art. Not a form of art, but a function—or a functionality.

Ruttmann's first attempt was, as I have said, in the nature of an illustration rather than a direct creation. His theme was musical, Opus I, *Symphony in Three Parts*, by a composer named Brünning. An interpretation, a paraphrase. This symphony was recently performed in Berlin before a small group of artists, musicians and film adepts. Expectancy and scepticism were in the air.

The room faded away. Darkness. A few moments' impressive pause, as tho to wash away the last clinging contacts with the external world. The machine began to purr, letters and titles flickered for a moment phosphorescently. Then—the opening notes of the symphony—iridescent atmosphere surcharged with an intense and vibrant light, burned and dissolved upon the screen. These served as backgrounds, melting and flowing into one another—dawnlight and sunburst and twilight, infinite reaches of space, with the caroling blue of morning or the dark saturated stillness of the night sky, or with a grey *terror vacui*. The separate notes and cadences of the symphony darted and floated into these luminous fields, as tho the notes of the composition had shaken off their schematic disguises of black dots and lines and broken thru the bars of the score and the sound-waves of the instruments, and converted themselves into a river of flamboyant color.

Some of the forms which these colors assume are already familiar to us in the restless paintings of the cubists and expressionists—triangles, trapezoids, cubes, circles, spirals, squares, discs, crescents, ellipses—all the usual fragmentary and activistic geometry. But here the writhing, shifting, interlacing, interlocking, intersecting figures were fluent and alive, moving to the laws of a definite rhythm and harmony, obedient to an inherent will and impulse. One suddenly felt or rather saw the laws of *Eurhythmia* at work, the threefold laws of the architecture of rhythm, the basic rudiments of the music of the spheres according to which all things in the universe, in life and in art must live and move—

The simple and uniform, thus: — — —
the regularly alternating, thus: — — —
and the irregular, thus: — — —

Bubbles and foams of color danced or wallowed across the screen, fountains and jets of light and shadow shot into infinity; waves—great, thundering beach-combers of brilliant sound came galloping on, heaving, palpitating, rising to a crescendo, throwing off a serpentine of pearls or a thin glittering spray that floated away like some high note, piercing, sustained, ecstatic. Globes and discs of harmonious colors came rolling into the field, some cannooning furiously against others, some buoyant as toy balloons, some kissing or repulsing or merging with one another like white or red blood corpuscles. Triangles sharp as splinters, darted across the rushing torrent of forms. Clouds rolled up, spread, dissolved, vanished. From time to time, flickering and wavering in and out, over and under this revel of *Klangfarbe*, or sounding color, the *Leitmotif* appeared in playful, undulant lines, like lightning over a landscape or a golden thread thru a tapestry. Then the color-equivalents of the strong clear finale poured themselves like a cataract upon the scene—masses of oblongs and squares fell crashingly, shower upon shower. The silent symphony was over.

The waves and vibrations of color had been borne along parallel, as it were, with the waves of sound. During the performance an invisible conductor's wand seemed to play upon the screen, rising, falling, hovering, sweeping and circling according to the score of the original composer. The word *Tonsætter* (tone-setter), which German purists in their war on alien words now use in place of *Komponist*, acquires something of a new meaning in connection with the setter of tonal color. The painter of music sees music as moving, rhythmical form and color, and hears these again as tones. The expressionist artist seeks by his abstraction or dissolution or shattering of the visible material world into "substanceless art," to express some thought or emotion. But his paintings remain fixations, crystallization—movement suggested but not transmitted, often unintelligible, or when vocal, speaking a tongue no one

else understands. But once these expressionistic forms become animated by movement, they become clarified with meaning.

This painted film of music in motion served, as I have already indicated, only as the echo, the shadow of another art. But if we apply the same principles to the original painted masterpiece, what perspectives open before us! Why should not the great masters of the future, painting upon the transparent film (large or small), instead of upon opaque canvas, create a moving, instead of a static art? Up to the present all paintings, even the most sublime, have been nothing but still-life pictures. Would a true Corot gain or lose because the trees or the peasants were in motion? Would a portrait by Renior or Sargent be less a masterpiece because its eyes lived, its hands lifted or its head turned? If a new Botticelli were to paint his *Primavera* in real instead of implied progression, would it not bring a beauty to his picture of dancing nymphs—namely, the dance itself?

Whistler's barge vanishing in the murk below Battersea Bridge would all the more irresistibly bear our souls with it than in the instant fixed by the artist in his two-dimensional water-color. Extension, which is but another name for Time, would be added to the graphic arts—and also movement, which is but another name for Life. The ban of the photograph, mobile and immobile, would be broken. The obstacles that lie between this theory and its realization are purely mechanical, in part manual. They have already been conquered in practice. Among the master painters of the coming generations, not even the most indurated classicist will think it unnatural that he should create moving paintings. Nor would the master artists of the past have thought so had this apparatus been at their disposal. For what is the film but a frieze—a mural decoration? The procession that winds up the spirals of Trajan's column—what is it but a historical film in marble? Many a Byzantine, Mediaeval or Renaissance mural painting or mosaic—say the procession of Emperor Justinian and Archbishop Maximilian in San Vitale at Ravenna—might, by the intervention of artist, lens and film, be given the majesty of movement in addition to the majesty of subject, treatment and composition. But these venerable glories may well, or rather may best, be left to their inaction, their divine mummifiedness. It is for the masters of the present and the future to conquer new worlds, I mean new media. We shall throw them these things—light; life, movement, color, music and the white naked screens or canvases of our receptive souls—as well as many cunning auxiliary engines. And we shall beg them to build in joy, or if build they cannot, then we shall bid them conjure forth—beauty. That—even if we be duped—is an end in itself. And an eternal beginning.

The Eve of St. Catherine

(Continued from page 48)

good sister. My comrades are not of the Faith and in consequence yield to no law of the Church. Had we known that these grounds belonged to the convent—

GUY:
Hold your tongue! We ask no apologies and seek no favors.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(To FRANCOIS). Friend, I thank you for your gracious word.
(To RENÉ). The woman you describe is not here.

RENÉ:
That we will learn for ourselves.
(With GUY, he starts toward the altar.)

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(Again barring their way.) I forbid this violation in the name of the Holy Church of Rome!

GUY:
To hell with your Church of Rome!

FRANCOIS:
Sister, forgive them. But swear that the woman we seek is not within these walls and we will leave in peace.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
The woman you seek is not within these walls.

FRANCOIS:
You swear to it?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
I swear to it.

FRANCOIS:
On your oath as a Sister of the Holy Roman Catholic Church?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
On my oath as a Sister of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

FRANCOIS:
So help you, God?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
So help me, God.

FRANCOIS:
(Appealing to his comrades.) My friends, you have heard! Let us be gone. If the woman is not here, we but waste our time. Come!

GUY:
Aye, "come," 'tis easy said. But where? The town is sudden as bare of women as a plaster dog of fleas.

RENÉ:
All the more reason for pressing our

search ere the rest of the army arrives. Better hunting without, methinks, than within this gloomy nunnery.

GUY:
God wot!

RENÉ:
While we prate, the time passes. Come, Guy, we tarry too long. There is a tavern below the hill, where like enough we can find tankards of ale to fit our stomachs.

GUY:
There speaks a swordsman after my own heart. Yet I set no credit in the word of a damned Romanist,—eh, René?

FRANCOIS:
What better word would you have, friend Guy?

GUY:
The word of an honest pagan like myself, for one,—or even of a confessed atheist like our friend René. We are at least blunt in our vices and cloak not our lies in pious phrases.
(He is led off reluctantly toward the door.)

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(To FRANCOIS, who has paused at the altar before leaving.) For your timely protection, friend, you shall be remembered in my prayers this night.

FRANCOIS:
Well may I need them, Sister. (He kneels toward her and crosses himself; from his position his eyes are on the level with the altar table, under which he sees YVONNE in hiding. His start of surprise is noticed by GUY and RENÉ, who have paused at the doorway.)

RENÉ:
Well, what now? Has one of your holy Catholic spirits come to life that you should gape so?

(RENÉ and GUY advanced toward the object of FRANCOIS's gaze.)

GUY:
Aye,—and a devilish pretty one, too! (They drag YVONNE from hiding.) Come out of there, my girl; I would have a bit of business with thee!

RENÉ:
Hands off the woman, Guy. Was it not I who saw her first and followed her here? (He pushes GUY aside and seizes YVONNE himself.)

GUY:
Not so fast, man! Think you I came for the pleasure of serving but as witness to your amours? The woman is

as much mine as yours. (He struggles for possession of YVONNE.)

RENÉ:
Let go the wench, fool! I leave it to Francois if the woman does not belong to me. Hey, Francois! . . . Where is the man?

GUY:
Hi there, Francois! Where are you?

FRANCOIS:
(Who has been paying scant attention to the struggle; to SISTER CLOTHILDE, grimly.) Did you not swear the woman was not here?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
I swore that the woman you described was not here. I still so swear.

FRANCOIS:
(Pointing to YVONNE.) Is that not the woman?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
That is not the woman.

GUY:
(Impatiently.) Come, come, man—quit your haggling! What matters it which woman we find so long as we find any?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
That girl is Yvonne Dupré, a decent and pious resident of this town. She is not the wanton whom you would seek. I beg you to let her be.

FRANCOIS:
Yet you gave your oath that she was not here!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Not is she.

GUY:
Ha, ha! And did I not tell you the worth of a Catholic's oath?

FRANCOIS:
(Menacingly.) Woman, you have lied! And your lie has brought dishonor upon the Church and held a Catholic oath to scorn. You are no true Sister of the Faith, else you would not thus make mock of it.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Is it then a betrayal of our faith to shield a maid who seeks sanctuary at this altar?

FRANCOIS:
(Sneeringly.) So you would swear that the woman is a maid too, eh?

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Truly I tell you, gentlemen, that
(Continued on page 64)

The Eve of St. Catherine

(Continued from page 63)

Yvonne is a maid. From her babyhood have I known her; all her life, in joy and in sorrow, have I tended her and loved her as my own sister. Spare her, I pray you, ere you do great wrong.

FRANCOIS:
The treacherous queen!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
She is the daughter of honest parents, sir, and is bespoken in honorable marriage to a soldier of France!

RENÉ:
(With satiric laughter in which GUY joins.) Since when, think you, are the soldiers of Burgundy beholden to the soldiers of France? (Dragging YVONNE toward the doorway.) Enough of talk; away with us!

YVONNE:
Mother of Jesus—help!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
(Commandingly.) Halt, in the name of God! What manner of men are you that you break into this holy place and violate the sanctity of this altar? Release the girl and go your ways!

RENÉ:
To the devil with you; the woman is ours by right of conquest.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Harm that maid and the curse of Rome shall follow you all the days of your lives! She is young; she is pure; she has love and life before her. In faith has she sought the sanctuary of this shrine you desecrate. There be other women willing to serve your ends. Be-gone!

FRANCOIS:
Other women, eh? Furnish us one as fair and mayhap we'll make a trade.

GUY:
A Catholic promise is of a piece with a Catholic oath. Out with us!

FRANCOIS:
She who lies once will lie twice. Give us such a woman, here and now—and we shall see. But be quick, woman, or it be too late. Where is she? (SISTER CLOTHILDE pauses, nonplussed; the men turn with an oath and drag YVONNE to the doorway.)

YVONNE:
(In extremities.) Sister Clothilde—Sister—save me! In the name of the blessed St. Catherine—

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Stop! Let you let the girl go if I

give you another in her stead? (The men pause and turn.)

FRANCOIS:
Aye—mayhap.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Will you so give your oath?

FRANCOIS:
Aye—if she be as fair.

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
And your companions—will they so swear?

FRANCOIS:
On your oath, will you so swear?

RENÉ and GUY:
(Grudgingly.) Aye—if she be fair. (SISTER CLOTHILDE throws back the hood of her habit and shakes her hair down over her shoulders. Calmly unclasping her nun's habit, she suddenly lets her clothing fall, revealing herself naked before them.)

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
In the name of the blessed St. Catherine—behold!
(The intruders fall back, shocked to momentary silence.)

FRANCOIS:
And that is the woman I took to be a sister of the Catholic Church! Mother of Jesus, forgive me!

SISTER CLOTHILDE:
Now give proof to the worth of your oath! Set free that girl!
(RENÉ and GUY laugh sarcastically.)

FRANCOIS:
(Turning to his companions.) It is my promise, men—and yours too, Guy and René. (Pointing to SISTER CLOTHILDE.) Here are we set nobler game. Let the girl go. (They grudgingly relax their hold upon YVONNE, who darts thru the doorway and is gone. RENÉ and GUY start toward SISTER CLOTHILDE.) Profane not this house of God! We will take the woman outside.

GUY:
Damn your house of God; here we find her and here we leave her.

FRANCOIS:
And dare the curse of the saints within the very shadow of the cross? God forbid!

RENÉ:
Superstitious ass! If that plaster dummy is all that threatens our souls, 'tis easy remedied. Mark you!

(He leaps upon the altar and hurls the image of St. Catherine to the floor, where it falls with a crash. FRANCOIS recoils, momentarily aghast, and crosses himself.)

Come, woman, while our pious friend mumbles his prayers, let us waste not our time.
(He seizes her.)

GUY:
Nay, you followed not this woman here, Friend René. She is as much mine as yours! (They both seize SISTER CLOTHILDE.)

FRANCOIS:
And what of me?

RENÉ:
You? Would a confessed Catholic sin with a nun in this holy place?

FRANCOIS:
That woman is no nun—and 'tis you who have profaned this place, not I. And even if it be a sin, I need but confess to the priest and buy absolution with money honestly come by.

RENÉ:
Better it is that I, an atheist, take her, inasmuch as I neither confess to my sin nor even admit to it.

GUY:
And I am a pagan and not only deny it to be a sin but do affirm that it is but my duty to serve the lady! Give her to me. (RENÉ and GUY push each other off.)

RENÉ:
Better that we throw dice for her than quarrel among ourselves.

GUY:
A brave idea—and see, here is our gaming table! (He throws the covering from the altar table.)

Have any of you dice about your persons? Or cards? (They all search their pockets without results.)

RENÉ:
(Picking up the golden wheel that was thrown down from the pedestal with the effigy.) Here we have it—a roulette wheel!

GUY:
What better could we ask? See you—(He adjusts it to the table so that it spins about like a gambling wheel.)

RENÉ:
A kerchief for the red!
(He takes off his kerchief and knots
(Continued on page 68))

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release
July 1, 1921 to October 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he
will show them

Cosmopolitan Production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell, from
E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.

William A. Brady's production, "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
an adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

William de Mille's
"The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.

"The Princess of New York"
With David Powell

A Donald Crisp British production
from the novel by Cosmo Hamilton.

William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production

A story with an unforgettable punch.
Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production

Thomas Meighan in
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic
Bohemia.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"Crazy to Marry"
By Frank Condon

From the hilarious
Saturday Evening Post story.

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers,"
by Byron Morgan.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks"

"Dangerous Lies"
With David Powell

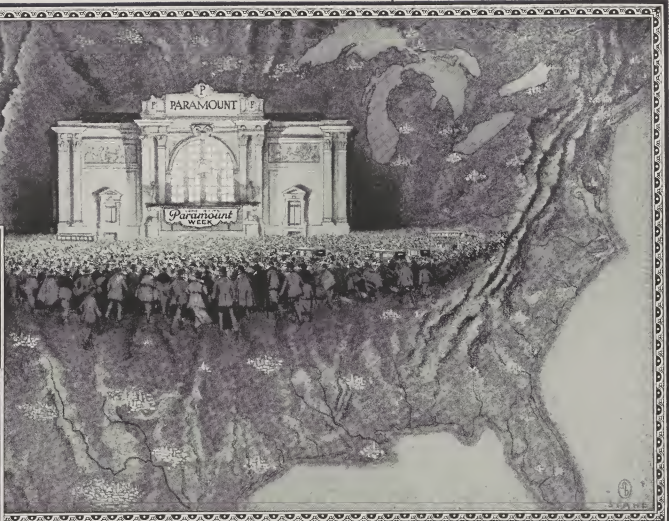
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
A Paul Powell British Production

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World,"
by Ernest Klein.

Cecil B. DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol,"
by Jeanie MacPherson.

suggested by Schmitzler's play.
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson,
Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte
Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Rob-
erts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff,
Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and
Julia Faye.

Coming



Coming! Paramount Week! Will your theatre be on the map?

THINK what a great number
of motion picture theatres
there are. About one to every
1,500 families throughout the
country.

Where do all the photoplays
come from to keep all of these
theatres going all of the time?
Who is it that produces the great
bulk of fine photoplays to fill
your ever-insistent demand?

Famous Players-Lasky Cor-
poration, producers and distribu-
tors of Paramount Pictures.

During Paramount Week last
Fall there was remarkable evi-
dence of this. More than six
thousand theatres showed *noth-*
ing but Paramount Pictures
throughout Paramount Week.

That national demonstration
of better motion pictures will be
repeated on an even grander
scale this year, Sept. 4 to 10.

Throughout the year Para-
mount Pictures constitute the
mainstay of the programme of
more than 11,200 theatres, most
of them showing as many as they
can get.

Paramount Week is a good
time for you to notice why one
brand of photoplays has attained
such unbelievable, nationwide
popularity.

Your theatre is sure to be one
of those on the Paramount map!

Check up in these pages the
Paramount Pictures you have
missed. Now is the time to find
when and where they are com-
ing. And remember: there isn't
a theatre anywhere that can't
show Paramount Pictures,

—those wonderful triumphs of
screen art which are the best
show in any town any day.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ROOSEVELT PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK

Thomas H. Benton

(Continued from page 11)

Matisse and Picasso. In 1912, after five years abroad, he returned to New York, where he has since resided, devoting his energies exclusively to painting. He has been represented in most of the exhibitions of the new art in this country; and in his struggles to express himself he has run the whole modern gamut from Impressionism to Synchronism. The three influences which have shaped his development are, the Italian Renaissance, Hindu sculpture and the modern French; but within the last two years his own individuality has come forth rapidly.

The permanent element of a work of art is to be found in its design. The old masters understood this, we might say, instinctively, and when they set out to make a picture their purpose was, first and last, to construct an object in which all of the parts were precisely and harmoniously related. For reasons which cannot be discussed here, design gradually fell into decline; toward the close of the Nineteenth Century it was practically extinct, and painting had become a more or less stupid process of copying nature. The aim of the new artists, the Cubists, Futurists, and the like, is the overthrow of cheap photographic realism and the restoration of design to painting. Mr. Benton has attacked this problem profoundly, and in his use of complex rhythms and elaborate compositions in three dimensions, he is more intimately connected with Classicism than any other American painter.

Design has been interpreted so loosely that a concrete illustration is almost necessary for exact definition. An artist goes directly to nature with the intention of painting a landscape. Before him lie trees, hills and rocks, but in confusion; and this lawless vista possesses a meaning peculiar to him alone, for the reason that nature must be apprehended thru the mood of the spectator and no two moods are the same. The landscape becomes a personal thing; the hills, trees and rocks enter his brain by way of the eye and are transformed, stirred together and incorporated with all of his past experiences. He may prefer dead trees, smooth hills and gigantic rocks—if so, the objects in view tend to assume such characteristics immediately. He begins to draw, but with no attempt at faithful reproduction; he brings the imagination into play, realizing that in art the selected forms must be endowed with a new significance, that they must be more intense than nature to excite the aesthetic emotions. Eliminations are made; trees disappear, not because they conceal the background, but because they are unnecessary and hinder the structure; hills are transposed to add more weight to another part of the picture. He works on patiently. His first effort is unsuccessful—he has failed to

achieve the desired order; he tries again—perhaps a third time, and the result inspires a moment of immense satisfaction. His delineations do not closely resemble the scene before him; nature was only the motif, and he has made his abstraction plausible and artistic by means of design. He has given us a world of his own, a personal domain so ordered that all of the parts are essential, that the observer feels that the work hangs together and convinces. We look at the drawing and are moved by its rhythm, by its design. Then it is that art is pregnant with meaning and bears the seal of beauty.

In composing with the human figure, exactly the same processes are involved. The model, like the natural object, is the raw material of art, the matter; form is organized matter, the aesthetic fact after the raw material has been fused with the past experiences of the painter and his present will, after the imagination has acted on it and has given it a new and plastic significance.

In choosing his types of form, the artist is guided to a large extent by his temperamental responses to life. Some men prefer the linear delicacy of the Orient; Mr. Benton naturally inclines to the recessive art of the West. Delicacy is foreign to his character: descended from pioneer stock, and reared in a mountainous country, he looks at life directly, with an uncompromising vision that is apparent in everything he does. He believes that permanency in art is to be gained thru large forms, concise and solid masses, sharp and unequivocal lines—elements quite in accord with his robust personality. In his landscapes, his studies in still-life, and his figure pieces, one cannot fail to be impressed with strength and palpability; the form is frequently hard and unadorned, but it is invested with an uncouth vitality that is certainly not evasive.

His predominant interest is in his "figure organizations," as he terms many of his pictures, to call attention to their structural qualities rather than to their illustrative aspects. Not that he is opposed to the rendition of actual scenes—in fact his latest tendencies run decidedly toward the handling of events common to modern life—but he wishes it to be understood that the illustrative features are subordinate to the formal beauty of the design. Mr. Benton has a predilection for models of unusual muscular development; and to attain greater bulk and solidity, to make his work richer and more rugged, and to increase its power and momentum, he paints these figures beyond naturalism, a fact bewildering to those who go to art instead of life for anatomical accuracy. He does not admit that the giants of the Renaissance exhausted the possibilities

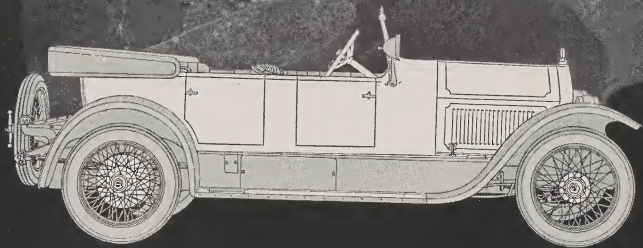
of composition, and he is constantly searching for new and intricate combinations, for new affinities of line and mass.

In the disposition of his figures he strives for final unity, to make a picture in which the spectator is not unduly attracted by any particular form, but is able to follow the inevitable sequence of all the component parts, and to feel the completeness of compact order; he has in mind a series of relationships which embraces not only the lateral weaving of lines, that is, the flat balance from right to left, but also the co-ordination of the figures from the foreground to the background. Many painters are satisfied with solidity—Mr. Benton considers solidity of no importance unless the block-forms are necessary to the design and are interdependent.

There is, of course, no rule or formula for the construction of a picture: the ability to compose is proportionate to a man's artistry, and in its largest sense, a picture represents an abstraction of the painter's feelings and knowledge and his correlated reactions to the life of his time. Mr. Benton's canvases often fall short of his purpose—the reason is not far to seek; he has engaged to do big things and he has not yet fully mastered his materials. Sometimes his pictures are nicely balanced and powerfully ordered in their synthesis of lines, but the heavy figures seem, somehow, incapable of movement. This is because composition is still an exceedingly conscious process with him, and his struggles to make a form obey a certain curve or fill a given amount of space are evinced in the finished work.

As a draftsman he has arrived at maturity, and his drawings, particularly his studies of the nude, will hold their own with the best done by living Europeans. As a colorist he has not found himself. At one time he painted in the pure pigments that we are accustomed to associate with the modernists; latterly he has been veering away from unmixed spectral scales, and his tones, while still rich and warm, have become more sombre, more directly related to black-and-white values, and less disconcerting in their brilliancy. He believes that color is a means to intensify volume, and when employed in undiluted purity that it has a tendency to disorganize the tectonic unity of a picture.

Mr. Benton is convinced that the future of painting resides in America: we have the talent and the serious purpose, and we have a group of young men whose work is daily finding a larger and more enthusiastic audience. His own art, stark in its approach to life, big, firm and abundant in form, has a distinctive place in the modern world; and it is not presumptuous to say that he will have a secure position in the new age.



The Stutz car has a distinguished appearance
—its lines are strong and bold but dignified
STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.



Why Have Freckles
—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:
Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.
Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.
After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.
Stillman's Face Powder 50c
Stillman's Rouge Paste 25c
At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.
STILLMAN CREAM CO., Dept. 36, Arcata, III.

BLITHEDALE SCHOOL

Mrs. Leonora von Ottinger-Ladd, Director.
60 West 94th Street, New York City.

DRAMA
MOTION PICTURES
PUBLIC SPEAKING
MUSICAL COMEDY
OPERA
ORATORIO

Special attention to out-of-town young ladies, including chaperones and boarding. Highest references, including Broadway Publications, Departments for dancing, fencing, costume, the speech arts, beauty, culture, make-up, facial expression, and any or all branches necessary for stage or screen and a professional career.

Write for full particulars, stating what branches are desired, and if pupil wishes a large or small room including board and chaperone, and with one or more in a room. Mrs. Ladd also offers to chaperone young ladies to the theater, opera, pictures and other entertainments.

Address: **BLITHEDALE SCHOOL**
60 West 94th St., N. Y. City.

Destroys Superfluous Hairs & Roots

"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."

Faithfully,
Margaret Irving
Rapid, harmless, painless, fragrant. Praised as the only effectual remedy for permanently destroying hair and roots.

AT YOUR DEALER or direct by mail. Write for FREE illustrated Book: "A Talk on Superfluous Hairs." Or call at my office to have FREE DEMONSTRATION. Avoid Imitations.

ZIP
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT



Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
Dept. C4, 562 Fifth Ave.
Ent. 0-6155 (Miller Bldg.)
New York

The Eve of St. Catherine

(Continued from page 64)

it about one of the spokes.)

GUY:

(Doing likewise with a black hatband.)
A black hatband for the black!

FRANCOIS:

(Tearing off a bit of SISTER CLOTHILDE's surplice on the floor.) A white surplice for the white! (They group about the table.)

GUY:

(Turning to SISTER CLOTHILDE.) Here you are, woman; all ready—stakes upon the table!

RENÉ and FRANCOIS:

Stakes upon the table!
(They place her upon the end of the table opposite to the wheel.) Up you go!

GUY:

Are you ready, gentlemen?

RENÉ and GUY:

All ready!

GUY:

The play begins!
(The three men lean over the table expectantly and GUY, with a flourish, sets the wheel spinning. As it gradually comes to rest, the excitement of the men increases.) The black has it—no, the red—the red has it—the black—the red—

RENÉ:

The red wins!
(He jumps up and sweeps SISTER CLOTHILDE off the table in his arms to bear her off.)

FRANCOIS:

For second chance, Guy?

GUY:

For second chance it is. Are you ready? Play!
(He sets the wheel spinning again; GUY and FRANCOIS bend.) White is winning—white is winning—

FRANCOIS:

No, black it is. Come on, black,—come on—

(THE CURTAIN IS LOWERED TO INDICATE THE PASSING OF A FEW HOURS)

(The candles have died out. Again are heard the chimes softly playing the ancient hymn. Thru the open door comes the dim, blue light of the early dawn. LE CURÉ enters with apparent anxiety, carrying a lantern; he peers about the chapel in the semi-darkness—and suddenly recoils as he comes upon the nude body of SISTER CLOTHILDE, half propped against the altar rail. Perceiving that she is dead, he hurriedly seizes the first covering that comes to hand—the gold mantle that once covered the image

of St. Catherine—and throws it about the corpse just as YVONNE rushes into the chapel. LE CURÉ stands between YVONNE and the body in an attempt to conceal the tragedy from the girl.)

YVONNE:

Have they gone, father?

LE CURÉ:

They have all gone. Yvonne.

YVONNE:

Praise be to God: Good St. Catherine has answered our prayers. (She approaches the altar to give thanks but halts upon sight of the empty pedestal.)

Look, father! See you, she is not here!

LE CURÉ:

Only the plaster image is not here, my daughter.

YVONNE:

(Seeing for the first time the gold-clad figure lying against the altar rail.) She has fallen, father. We must set her again upon her holy throne.

(She kneels down and touches the body, but starts back in amazement.)

A blessed miracle, father! St. Catherine has turned to flesh and blood and come to life, even as we!

LE CURÉ:

The blessed miracle of life, Yvonne.

YVONNE:

(Realizing that the body is dead and recoiling in terror at the feet of LE CURÉ.) Mother of Jesus, the body of St. Catherine is dead!

LE CURÉ:

(Raising his eyes and solemnly making the sign of the cross.)

Mother of Jesus, the spirit of St. Catherine still lives!

(CURTAIN)

AUGUST NOON

By Jane Hamilton

Down sloping meadows to the sea

The level sunlight runs;

Blue dragon-flies poise lazily,

And close beside the river we

Are of the silent ones.

For he who calls aloud could wake

A thousand sleeping things

Out of the dreams that noon will make;

The listener dreams by brook and lake

And light-enchanted springs.

The silent ones are all around,

Dreaming with open eyes;

The sunlight runs across the ground,

And in the stream, without a sound,

The pale weeds fall and rise.

John Galsworthy

(Continued from page 49)

three times. He says: "I cut my eye-teeth on it; I suppose I shall never cut my wisdom teeth." It was published in 1904, when he was thirty-seven years of age.

After this long struggle, success came quickly. "The Man of Property" in 1906 made a sensation, and John Galsworthy had arrived. "The Silver Box," in the same year, confirmed his position, but it was his play, "Justice," that appeared in 1910 and "The Fugitive," in 1913, that placed him beside Shaw in the esteem of the judicious.

"Justice" is a really great play and, strange to say, Galsworthy, who wrote it as a passionate plea for social justice, has never taken part in politics at all. He is a lover of animals. Even now is very fond of horses and riding and he professes that "Justice" arose out of his hatred of cruelty to man or beast.

"I used to be a keen sportsman," he said once, "but gave it up when I was about thirty-four because the wounding of creatures got on my nerves." This sense of the universality and sacredness of life is beginning to be English and is likely to conquer the barbarian sportsman in them.

Galsworthy once summed up his own nature in two admirable phrases. "The desire for understanding," he said, "and the hatred of intolerance, is I suppose at the back of all my work." And then the Englishman emerges again. "I have a natural predisposition to balance."

In "Who's Who" his marriage is never mentioned. You might think he had something to conceal in regard to it. On the contrary, he admits that he has been married many long years. There are no children. "One of the happiest marriages that ever was, I suppose, which perhaps is what puts me in a rage against marriages that are not happy."

"We will live here (Hampstead), part of the year, but the best part of the year on a farm on the edge of Dartmoor—a very beautiful place, and we travel a good bit."

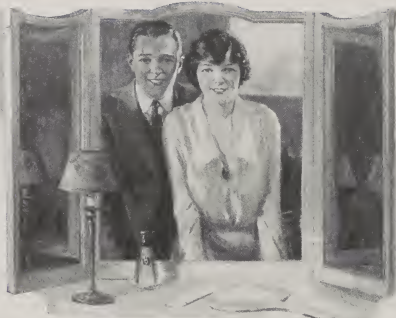
Now if you don't know John Galsworthy in his growth and his development and above all in his accomplishment, it is your own fault, because "Justice" is good reading and so is "The Fugitive," and some of his short stories I have already praised at great length more than once.

VIOLETS

By Ethel Hope

Where hissing raindrops murmur
A song of mystic lore,
The violets are blooming—
Are blooming, dear, once more.

For you they form a cover
Of wondrous, royal vein;
For me, dear, they are only
A blur of purple pain.



The Mistakes

That ruined millions of teeth

We offer you here a ten-day test which will change your ideas about teeth cleaning.

The old methods failed to end film. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed. Now dental science has corrected those mistakes, and we urge you to see the result.

Film—the great enemy

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great destroyer. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth, then may foster attacks on them. When you leave it, night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It

holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many diseases.

A daily combatant

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere endorse them.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people have come to employ it. And glistening teeth, half the world over, now show its delightful effects.

Results quick and amazing

This ten-day test will surprise you. It will give you a new idea of what clean teeth mean. The benefits to you and yours may be life-long in extent.

Each use will also multiply the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It will multiply the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It will multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

So five effects, now considered essential, come from every application. And the early result is clean, beautiful teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation to you. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 992, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

*Sempre
Giovine*

*Meaning
'Always Young'*

*Keeps Your
Complexion Young*

YOUR complexion would never age if enough of the natural oils of the skin were always present.

But ill-health, exposure to weather, to the dust and grime of city life too often prevent this happy condition.

Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay contains these very oils that Nature, herself, supplies. It prevents the skin from becoming roughened, the tiny lines that show the signs of age from forming by restoring the natural oils lost by the drying of natural and sun.

Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay also removes every particle of dirt and foreign matter from the skin, giving it a healthful invigorating glow. Powder or rouge should never remain on the face over night. Always cleanse from the pores with Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay.

Seven-Day Supply Free
Send your name and address and we will send you enough Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay for a week's trial.

At All Toilet Counters

The Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Co.
Dept. 1326
Grand Rapids, Michigan

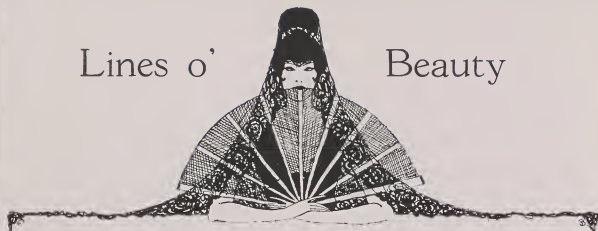


Exquisitely
Perfumed
50c

Natural
Health Tint
50c

A Powder
Foundation
50c

Lines o' Beauty



IN our school days we learnt the story of Ponce de Leon and his search for the miraculous fountain, whose waters were said to restore eternal youth and vigor. If the hardy old Spanish warrior came back today, he might be amazed to find that modern women have apparently found the thing he sought many centuries ago—but with a difference. He was looking for a miracle of nature. Modern women have availed themselves of the miracle of science.

To every woman, however lovely, there comes a time when the strain of modern life exacts its toll. To Madame Butterfly flitting from one festivity to another; artists of stage and screen whose youth and beauty must be carefully guarded; mothers and home-makers who long to retain the piquant loveliness of their early youth; Miss Eighteen whose complexion is of more importance than the study of Virgil; to every woman of every age, of every walk in life.

Science has taught us that the years with their duties and sacrifices need not steal away our youth; that we need not accept the little furrows that weariness brings. We may keep our charm and vivacity, retain the mystery and charm that is expected of us. When the face is tired, droopy, listless—when you feel and look long-drawn-out and as tho you had lost your best friend—there's the beauty pack—a treatment that's the result of years of experiment, research work among old book-lore translated from old manuscripts—from the land of scholars—ancient Egypt.

This treatment, or "pack," looks something like mud—or a home-made mustard plaster—but it works much more pleasantly. You pour a portion of the mask composition into a bowl and apply evenly over the face with the tips of your fingers or with a fine brush, including the throat, but do not touch the eyes or lips. Then, relax completely. Avoid speaking and relax while the mask remains on the face. It draws the blood slightly to the surface, exercises all the tiny muscles right under the skin, increases the circulation and, while you rest and relax, you feel the pleasant sensation of tightening muscles, the firming-up of your face and throat and may be sure that your face will be young, fresh and rested when the treatment is over.

This treatment is va-

ried according to the condition of the skin. If the skin is dry, plenty of cleansing cream should be used before the treatment and a good cream should be applied after. The mask should be used only once in two or three weeks and should be left on not more than one hour.

If the skin is oily, the pack may be left on at least two hours, three if possible, and may be used profitably every week. Proceed as with the dry skin until the mask is removed, except that a skin-toning lotion may be used for cleansing instead of the cream if preferred. Use only a touch of cream before powdering, after the mask is removed.

To remove the mask, dip a towel in hot water and gently mop the face until every particle is removed. The treatment not only tightens the skin but refines and softens its texture and the results defy any look of artificiality.

This treatment may be applied at home with greatest ease and, while it takes a little time to accomplish it, it is well worth the time, as it enforces an hour or two of relaxation, a rare luxury now.

There is another mode of rejuvenation entirely scientific in principle, achieved within a league of Madrid, from whence Ponce de Leon began his famous quest of long ago. It will be introduced into this country shortly by a famous New York beauty specialist who is now fulfilling professional engagements in Europe's exclusive circles and who will spend several weeks under one of the foremost scientists of the Continent in acquiring the method of treatment which will bring real rejuvenescence.

This method of treatment is not one of surgical intervention, with which this particular specialist has nothing in common. And, while its actual character has not yet been disclosed, it is said to have the effect of changing the whole personality amazingly for the better.

"It increases the agility of movement; the stature becomes more erect; the body gains in elasticity and suppleness. The eyes gain in sparkle and fire, the skin becomes softer," writes the scientist.

Personal attention on matters relating to fashions and beauty are assured readers of SHADOWLAND. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Melody Makers

(Continued from page 53)

a river it is not conspicuous enough to attract the songwriters.

The Hudson and the Mohawk have come in for attention in New York State, tho neither has shared the glory that has been paid to the old Erie Canal. The canal must be reckoned in the final summary, a fact which elevates New York to a further superiority, lyrically, over New Jersey.

Indiana has fared exceedingly well. "On the Banks of the Wabash" is the most beloved song of the Middle West. It established Paul Dresser as the most successful ballad writer of the day. It helped to put Indiana on the map. It brought attention to Terre Haute and now Terre Haute is bringing attention to it by naming a memorial drive after Dresser. The song made the Wabash the most celebrated river in the world for more than a decade, or until the propagandists of the Mississippi began to mobilize.

Stephen Foster achieved musical immortality with "Swanee River," and he achieved it right here in New York in the atmosphere, it is said, of the Bowery. Whatever there is in America of folk music sprang from his genius. He knew the plaintive plantation strains of the negro and he transcribed them with fidelity and a finely original simplicity. Could he have written with such feeling and power had he desired to pay sentimental homage to a street or a valley or a mountain or a lake? Hardly. But the lazy flow of the Swanee with the enchantment that it cast upon distance and domestic isolation, gave him an inspiration that has never been equaled by any native songwriter.

The best ragtime song of recent years was the "Robert E. Lee," written by L. Wolfe Gilbert. Built about an old-time steamboat on the Mississippi, it possessed a swing and a color that swept the nation. But more than that, it conjured up a picture of sincere sentiment and romance that only a river and the life along its shores can create. What was the most popular—and still is the best-remembered musical comedy song hit—of recent years? Was it not Ivan Caryll's "On the Banks of the Saskatchewan" in "The Pink Lady"? It, likewise, suggested the enchantment of distance and youthful love, amid romantic scenery.

Who does not recall "Jolly Boating Weather," the celebrated Elton song? Who has not felt the haunting quality of the Volga Boat Song, particularly if it is played as only a Russian balalaika orchestra can play it? Is not "The Blue Danube" the most popular waltz ever written? Has it not a living refrain? Indeed, is not the musical greatness of Vienna—the old before-the-war Vienna—based upon the Danube? Where would Lehár and Strauss and Fall, among present-day composers, be but for its cerulean depths? Probably musicians in a bier-stube,—certainly not the waltz kings of the world.

Boncilla

Nita Naldi says: "I wouldn't be without Boncilla. It is a part of my professional equipment. It keeps my skin soft, clear and velvety. Every star's dressing table should have on it the full Boncilla set—beautifier, cold cream, vanishing cream and powder."



Boncilla Beautifier is now on sale at most toilet counters. Ask your retailer for this large jar, containing enough Beautifier for six treatments. It only costs \$2.25, and will introduce you to a new complexion.

SPECIAL OFFER

Mail this coupon with 50c and we will send you, postpaid, one trial size set of the complete Boncilla Method, consisting of Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder. This is our No. 1 set and retails regularly for \$1.00.



I Use BONCILLA Constantly

Says Nita Naldi

THE woman who cares most about her skin and complexion readily becomes the most ardent advocate of the Boncilla method of facial treatment. You can either take the treatment alone, in the privacy of your own boudoir, or you can have your maid apply Boncilla for you. Boncilla stimulates circulation, vitalizes and builds up the underlying tissues of the face, eliminates the excessive use of cosmetics, removes and prevents wrinkles, black heads and pimples. Incidentally, women of film land have found that a natural Boncilla complexion screens exceptionally well.

Do not be without Boncilla another day.

Avail yourself of our trial offer at once.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES

Of the Crown Chemical Company
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

produit la beauté charmante



In 4 to 8
Days the
Color
Returns

Science Comes to the Rescue of the Gray Haired

Gray hair now is an unnecessary affliction at any age. Every silver thread can be quickly and safely restored by Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. This scientific preparation is a clear, colorless liquid, applied with a comb. In 4 to 8 days natural color returns. Your hair is clean, soft and fluffy. There is nothing to wash or rub off.

PROVE THIS WITH TRIAL BOTTLE

Mail the coupon for a trial size bottle and application comb. Test on single lock.

When you see the beauty of this single restored lock, get a full size bottle. Buy from your druggist, or send direct to us.

Mary T. Goldman, 680 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Mary T. Goldman, 680 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black...jet black...dark brown...medium brown...light brown...

Name

Address

Genuine



Aspirin

Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Directions in package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

SCENARIO WRITERS! Our complete service for scenarios will help you turn your rejection slips into checks. Write for particulars free to Manuscript Dept. Desk 9
WRITERS SERVICE BUREAU
Box 922 Tacoma, Wash. "We help you succeed."



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 44)

quickly, and the secret wishes of thy heart will surely be fulfilled."

"Magic Flower," said the man, "very interesting, indeed. Probably quite a common species and simply an object of folk-lore; but perhaps after all of some botanical value. Where did you say, young lady, this magic flower is to be found?"

"Here, here," answered the fairy, "just before thine eyes. Canst thou really not see it?" The man searched diligently, put another pair of spectacles on his nose and took a magnifying glass out of his pocket, yet all his efforts were in vain. He simply could not detect the Magic Flower and it was evident that he belonged to those unfortunates whose eyes are blind to all Wonder. At last he left both the meadow and the fairy, and lost himself, his spectacles, his vasculum and his magnifying glass in the depth of a dark and forbidding-looking forest. The little fairy returned, depressed and sorrowful, to her moss-grown stone and there she waited for another comer to give him the third and last chance.

And the third wanderer appeared. He came nicely dressed, his silk hat well brushed, his shoes finely polished, and he seemed polite and respectable enough to be quite a suitable object for fairy-favors. To be true, his eyes were rather faded and his chin weak, and there was a maudlin line around his mouth; but even a fairy must not be too particular, so our little reformer of mankind greeted the new-comer with true delight.

"Friend," she asked him at once, "dost thou see the Magic Flower, blooming just in the middle of this meadow?"

"I see it," replied the man. "One can hardly help seeing it."

"And, friend," inquired the fairy further, "dost thou believe in Magic? Hast thou faith in Wonder?"

"I believe anything and everything," the young man assured her. "I am absolutely open-minded. It does not pay to be a fanatic, nowadays."

"Excellent," said the fairy, relieved. "Thou seest and thou believest. Go then and pluck this Magic Flower, put it on thy hat and wear it and thou wilt be the one mortal chosen to enjoy supreme and everlasting happiness!"

But to her surprise the man did not move.

"Well," she said impatiently, "what is it? Why dost thou not obey my command? Why dost thou hesitate?"

"Really," stammered the man shamefacedly, "it is impossible. If it gives you any pleasure, Ma'am, I shall pluck the flower, but I could not wear it on my hat even to oblige Your Grace. It is quite out of the question. Nobody does such things. I should look utterly ridiculous—and I am a man of standing and reputation. I don't deny that it might be quite healthy to wear flowers on the hat, but it isn't the style, that's all there is to it."

(Continued on page 73)

Motion Picture CLASSIC for October

A story book

A picture book

A news book

Full of the glow of white lights and Broadway's lively vibrations. Pictures made in studio, dressing-room, home, and garden, and special photographs made for *CLASSIC* by the best photographers.

News gathered at theater, café, seashore and studio by *CLASSIC'S* representatives. Stories of the artists of the screen, their characteristics, fads and achievements. The newest photoplays told in story form.

There will be the personal sketch of the youngest Vitagraph star, Alice Calhoun, by Capitola Williams Ashworth.

And something different in the way of an interview with Gloria Swanson, by Willis Goldbeck.

"The Secret of the Hills" and Molly O' are two of the forthcoming photoplays given in story form.

Harriett Hammond comes in for her share of honors, as well as Mabel Ballin, Ethel Clayton, King Baggot and Elliott Dexter.

Get the forecast of the coming season's gaiety

in

**The October Number of
Motion Picture**

CLASSIC

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

Your Highness must excuse me, I —"

But the fairy did not listen any longer. With a swift gesture of scorn she lifted her wand and she, as well as the Magic Flower, vanished at once into the deep blue of the cloudless sky.

After the fairy had returned to the remote and happy star on which fairies live their untroubled life, she said to her friends: "Men have neither Faith, nor Vision, nor Courage. Wonder is not for their doubting, blind and blundering hearts."

From that day on, idealistic reform-ideas are quite out of fashion in fairy-land, and no mortal eye will ever again behold the Magic Flower.

The Melody Makers

(Continued from page 71)

Catching the Danube inspiration may be a difficult accomplishment. It may require years of staring at it from a cafe or it may demand a sail upon its surface in company with a lovely Vienna Fritz. The war is said to have coarsened the beauty of the Danube, when armies defiled it with their bloody and muddy paraphernalia. But it still fascinates. It still signifies sentiment and springtime and the eternal dance of youth.

The Thames, the Seine, the Rhine and the Nile have all had musical representation. The Rhine, indeed, symbolizes the nationalism of Germany, or did, before Wilhelm became the woodman of Amerongen. Speak of the river Shannon and an Irishman forgets for the moment all thought of national independence and bursts into song, even tho it strangles him. Indeed, there is no river in the world that, having a certain relation to the pride of nationality or race, has not been expressed in melody.

I will take it back. There is no song about the Yangtse-Kiang. And yet, it is the biggest thing in China with the exception of Japan.

WRAITHS.

Ah shadow loves, you haunt me at the close
Of this spring day—

I sense your lovelight touch and hark you
tread

This primrose way.

Ah, silent loves, the million songs of night

Seem your love songs—
With phantom hands you sweep aside the
years

And all their wrongs.

Ah wraith—dim host, tonight you are not
dead

But live and true—
And in my listening ear there rings the
paeon

Of me and you.

Gladys Hall.

Now as always

At all druggists



The Aristocrat of fine Toilet Soaps

ASK

Your Theater Manager To Show

AT HOME
AT WORK
AT PLAY



With Stage,
Screen and
Dance Stars

This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, takes you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made.

Produced in co-operation with the Brewster publications.
SHADOWLAND, CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Tell your Theater Manager to book it from
PRODUCERS' FEATURE SERVICE
729 7th Ave., N. Y., for N. Y. State and Northern N. J.
SUPER FILM ATTRACTIONS

Washington, D. C.
ALL STAR FEATURE DISTRIBUTORS

San Francisco and Los Angeles
HYGRADE PICTURES CORPORATION

Charlotte, N. C.
DOLL-VAN FILM CORPORATION

Indianapolis, Ind.
NEW FILM EXCHANGE

Philadelphia, Pa.
KLEIN DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

Boston, Mass.
STATE FILM AND AMUSEMENT CO.

Cleveland, Ohio
PEACOCK PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Kansas City, Mo., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., Oklahoma City, Okla.
or

Shadowland Screen Review

17 West 42d Street

New York



Art Studies

THE
ART EDITION
DE LUXE

By Albert Arthur Allen

ALCO STUDIES are photographic creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature—a divine expression of beauty.

Printed in edition de luxe, with thirty-two full page reproductions in monotone, frontispiece in elaborate color plates.

Art paper in gold . . . \$1.00
Cloth in gold . . . 2.00
Leather in gold . . . 4.00

ALLEN ART STUDIOS

4127 Broadway, Oakland, California
U. S. A.

What's What in America

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC AND
SHADOWLAND

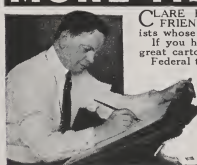
Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strikes, Profiteering and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 236 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of \$1.25.

The BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MORE THAN \$100.00 A DAY



CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND," receives more than \$100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose incomes would look good to a bank president. If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success. Federal training gives you the opportunity to develop your ability under the guidance of 60 of America's leading artists and illustrators. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32-page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and many other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement. Write your name, address and age in the margin and mail it now. **WRITE FOR THIS BOOK TODAY** FEDERAL SCHOOL, Inc., 154 Federal School Building, Minneapolis, Minn.



Amateurs and the Future

(Continued from page 60)

worthy drama to the people, certain of the people—only a few as yet, to be sure—are going to produce it for themselves. It is unfortunately true at present that perhaps the majority of little theaters exist in larger places where the professional theater also exists. They do not reach the masses, but the classes who are dissatisfied with what the professionals bring them. That, however, is inevitable, because the smaller places have lost initiative. As the "little theatres" increase in numbers and influence, they will reach out, and they will produce fewer European plays, and more native plays about the life of their own region. Already, indeed, this is happening, in Indiana, Wisconsin, and elsewhere.

But, of course, college student courses and amateur groups do not constitute a theater in any true sense. They are, rather, the hints and promises of a theater. The true theater must always be self sustaining and professional, the workshop of competent craftsmen who earn their living by and in it. Nothing else will be permanent and of wide appeal. Did you ever stop to think, however, that it is from the amateur ranks that the best professional talent often comes? Do you realize that the finest organization in New York today, the Theatre Guild, was a direct outcome of the amateur Washington Square Players? Or that the amateur Provincetown Players have given us our leading dramatist today, Eugene O'Neill? Or that two of our leading scenic artists, Robert Edmond Jones and Lee Simonson, are Harvard graduates? Given enthusiasm and love for the theater, a group of amateurs, even in the heart of New York, against intense professional competition, can put across an idea for an experimental theater; and when they finally achieve something like professional proficiency themselves, or bring it in to cooperate with them, the Theatre Guild's production of "Lilium" results.

If that can be done in New York against intense professional competition, why can it not be done in places where there is no competition? Of course, it can, and sooner or later it will be done, in many sections of the country. Take the case of Texas. Suppose a little theater group organized in a Texas city, where today there is no spoken drama, and put across as interesting a season as the Washington Square Players gave New York a few years ago. There are, it may be, six other cities in the state ready for a week or two of such a repertoire. Conceivably, the amateur group could engage a few professionals to fill the places of those who couldn't make the state tour, while certain of the amateurs, of especial talent, would remain in the casts, themselves becoming professionals in a small way. The tour would be made. Plans would result for a more ambitious season next year. No town would have too much, yet all together would make up a profitable sea-

son. The result would be to all intents and purposes a Texas repertoire company to which good playwrights would lease plays, and with which competent actors would engage, if it were found that enough professionals could not be recruited from the more talented amateurs. Some such result, certainly, is perfectly possible, and I believe is more than likely to result from the awakened interest of amateurs in the theater.

At present, we are, theatrically, as a nation entirely dependent on New York and the New York managers. The only thing that can set us free—in other words, the only thing that can give whole sections of America any spoken drama again—is individual effort, the organization of our own local theaters, the production of drama by ourselves. Nobody is going to do it for us. We, the amateurs, have got to do it. It is because of this, and because in so many places the amateurs are peeling off their coats and getting to work on the job, that I say, the future of the American theater is in the hands of the amateurs.

The First Madame Maeterlinck

(Continued from page 33)

came a giant storm. The oak was withered but, still at his feet, upspringing, the pliant bamboo swayed and swayed and continued to sway.

She believes in the parasitic quality between the sexes. One must forever take from another; one must live upon the other; the weaker will, in all relationships, prey upon the stronger.

Her interpreter, who is also her friend, informed me it was undoubtedly Maeterlinck who drew his strength from her.

I asked her whether she believed in love, and in the one love.

She said that, to her belief, love is an emotional disease, a sort of fever to which curative measures should be applied if a cure be desired. "But it is so charming an illness!" she added, laughing.

As for the one love, she was again illustrative. She believes that there are persons who go thru life holding a single, chiseled perception, or desire, or what you will. Their faces are set in the one direction and their feet in the one path, destined for an unalterable goal. To them love, as all of life, is single posed, single personed. And there are others into whose chaotic natures rush many tides.

The Duttons, her interpreter told me, are bringing out her "Life with Maurice Maeterlinck," written by herself. Maeterlinck wired the publishers his full consent to the publication. The pages contain, I am told, no tinge of reproach to Maeterlinck—only her record of her life with the man who was the writer.

In appearance Madame Maeterlinck is the tragedienne type, with heavy, fair metallic hair and ghost-peopled eyes. Sad eyes, storied with the aftermaths of memory.



New Easy Way to Become An Artist

THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for *anyone* to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never *touched* a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive *personal* instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandler. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. There are hundreds of vacancies right this minute! A trained commercial artist can command almost any salary he wants. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying jobs!

No Talent Needed

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art. Just as you have learned to write, this new

method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from \$50 to \$500 or more! Many artists get as high as \$1000 for a single drawing!

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon now for this interesting free book "How to Become an Artist." Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Also tells of our free artist's outfit and special low offer to a limited number of new students. Mail coupon NOW!

Washington School of Art
Room 1671, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

— FREE COUPON —

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1671, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist."

Name _____ (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes
But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition Use Murine Eye Remedy Night and Morning.
Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.
Write for Free Eye Care Book.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Superfluous HAIR all GONE
Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.
Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet!
D. J. MAHLER CO., 549-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



DR. LAWTON USING DEVICE

DR. LAWTON'S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

WILL show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose, and the Lawton Method Dissolves and Eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicines or treatment; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health.

Brings Physical and Mental Vigor and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs.; this reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, distasteful fatty tissue, without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost \$5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, 120B West 70th St., New York

HERBERT HOWE

The Brewster Publications, Inc., have secured **Herbert Howe** to write exclusively for *SHADOWLAND*. THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, representing these magazines in the Pacific center of motion picture making, Los Angeles. **Mr. Howe** is one of the very foremost writers on screen subjects and his work is marked by a keen insight, as well as a delightful style and humor. Indeed, **Mr. Howe** is rated as one of the best interviewers in America.

THE BEST WRITERS REPRESENTED

The capture of **Mr. Howe** completes a triumvirate of the leading motion picture writers in this country, including **Frederick James Smith** and **Adele Whitely Fletcher**.

Mr. Smith is well known to the readers of the Brewster Publications and is the foremost screen critic in this country, aside from being a writer whose contributions are marked by vigor and fearlessness.

Miss Fletcher has a charm and personality all her own and her interviews have been a special feature for the past two years.

ONLY IN THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS WILL YOU FIND THE WORK OF MR. HOWE, MR. SMITH AND MISS FLETCHER!

Max Reinhardt—Stage Revolutionist

(Continued from page 19)

all functions of the theater by a single creative head, who shall be playwright, director, artist and business man. To a very large extent Reinhardt has established a similar coordination of these factors thru his single-minded supervision.

Working thus, he has utilized every method of production that seemed appropriate to the spirit of any particular play. He has set "King Lear" against primitive druidical backgrounds, stark, gigantic. He has put "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into what seemed a real wood of papier-mâché trees. He has created the passionate and hilarious "Sumurun," gorgeously oriental, out of the simplest materials. He has made Sophocles' "Oedipus" into a drama of crowds. He has brought a strange compelling naturalism to the horrors of Wedekind's "Awakening of Spring." In general he has achieved his ends by the simplicity and suggestion which Craig and his followers preached. But he has been ready to use elaborate ingenuity to achieve a necessary end.

Reinhardt's ingenuity as a producer is particularly noteworthy in the field of technical and mechanical improvements. He has developed more elaborately than any other German producer the revolving stage adapted by Lautenschlaeger from the Japanese original. The stage of each of his three Berlin theaters has a huge circular portion, somewhat wider than the proscenium, set upon rollers and free to turn by machinery. Upon this circular space the scenes of each play are built solidly together, fitting into one another somewhat like the segments of a pie. Only one scene is visible at a time when the curtain is up, but by the pressing of a button, the stage can be made to turn and bring the next scene into view. This method of handling scenes eliminates waits during intermissions. Of course, it prevents the use of flat exterior scenes showing the sky in the distance, but by building an open front scene over and above an interior at the back of the "pie," remarkable hills and steep village streets are obtained. Since the scenes must all fit together upon the stage, each production presents a unique problem and develops a sort of physical unity out of the manner in which one scene accommodates itself to another. The revolving stage makes it possible to present Shakespeare in solid and illusive settings with no more wait between the swiftly running scenes than Shakespeare tolerated in his own Globe theater.

Another physical reform, common enough thruout Germany but only known here in one or two small theaters like the Provincetown Players', a device with which Reinhardt has achieved fine results, is the plaster dome or sky. This is a concave space, like the inside of a quarter of an egg, which replaces the flapping canvas backdrop or cyclorama. When lights play upon this surface, reflected and diffused by its curves, a lam-

bent background is created which seems almost as brilliant and distant as the true sky.

From physical reforms such as these, Reinhardt has gone on to the development of a wholly new type of playhouse adapted to the giving of great and simple dramas before huge audiences that become spiritually a part of the play as they never can be in the present theater with its gold picture frame and its tradition of the "fourth wall." Reinhardt's Grosses Schauspielhaus goes back to the Greek theater in many respects. The raised stage, as we know it, is of secondary importance. The greater part of the action goes on upon the "orchestra" or bare flat space where now the best seats in our theaters are placed. This brings the players into a new and intimate relation with the audience, which almost surrounds them. In the case of Romain Rolland's drama of the French Revolution, "Danton," Reinhardt filled this space with the turbulent mobs of the revolutionary tribunal, and then placed individual actors among the spectators in every portion of the vast amphitheater. These players swept the audience along with them in overpowering excitement. In his Grosses Schauspielhaus, Reinhardt has given Greek tragedies, "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Faust," "Goetz von Berlichingen," Aristophanes' feminist farce, "Lysistrata," "Danton," and a play by Hauptmann.

Reinhardt has now left his three theaters to the direction of Felix Hollaender and Gerhardt Hauptmann, contracting to direct half a dozen productions there each year. The rest of his time—except what part he may take for travel and the production of his vast mediæval spectacle, "The Miracle," in New York—will go to the creation in Salzburg of a still more advanced type of theatrical organization, in which the community will play a large part, supplying both inspiration and players to a very large extent.

"In order to save the drama in Germany from a commercialism which is undermining standards and destroying repertory organizations," said Reinhardt in a recent statement to the press, "it is necessary to establish some refuge away from the sinister influences of the metropolis, where works of art can again be given in a festival spirit, where actors will be eager to come for the summer months to get rid of the grime of the city and the movies, and refresh themselves by a devotion to ideals; where the audience will come for the same reason and take time to concentrate on the better things in life, and where, finally, the surroundings are such as to promote idealism in art."

Clearly, Reinhardt has entered on the last period in his development. Like Richard Wagner, he has chosen a spot apart from the commercialism of the metropolis in which to bring his vision of art to completion. Salzburg is to be his Bayreuth.

Motion Picture Magazine

October

At the sign of Coleen Moore. Buy.

In other words when you see this little lady of the shadows smiling at you from the news-stands where she decorates the cover of the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE be assured that the pages behind her are replete with the good things of filmdom.

First of all Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher talked with Elsie Ferguson just before she sailed for her vacation abroad. She had recently completed her work in the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" and this along with her other clearly defined theories was discussed. It cannot fail to interest you.

Then Buster Keaton is interviewed—he recently returned to Hollywood with his bride, Natalie Talmadge, and his views on matrimony are delightful. The illustrative photographs show the honeymooners in their Hollywood love nest.

George Arliss has brought Disraeli to the shadows in the title rôle of the United Artists production of that name. The October MAGAZINE boasts a fictionization of this effort together with illustrating scene stills.

There are other features of universal interest and many new and charming photographs of the folk of the cinema.

Remember. At the sign of Coleen Moore on the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Buy it.

Mediums of Art

(Continued from page 29)

for twenty years. . . ."

"But not destruction," Miss Le Gallienne interpolated eagerly. "*She is coming back . . .* after all. And I think Duse was a most rare, a most sensitive spirit. I think she reached the point where all contact was as a physical contact on the raw. Unbearable. But for the most part the creative spirit does keep on. Most of the great work of the world, artistically, has been done from a broken heart."

"What do you suppose," I said, "pain of that sort would do to you . . . ?"

Miss Le Gallienne was still. In the dressing-room mirror her reflection repeated itself to me in the pathetic tight bodice and full skirt of Julie. A tragic, indomitable little figure.

"First," she said, "I think I should want to get away. Once . . . not very long ago . . . I did have that feeling. Now I know that it was not a tremendous thing, but at the time . . . I did get away . . . to California. On the way I stopped off for a day at the Grand Canyon and lay all day in the sun. I had the fierce desire to be alone, quite alone, away from letters, away from telephones, away from all familiar things and persons. I wanted to set my house in order. And I did. In two weeks' time I had an equally fierce desire to get back to my work, which has been my God all my life. I came back . . . and then 'Lilom.' If the great tragedy should come to me, I can only hope that I should be the more sensitive, the more spiritual, the more worth while for the experience. To take all things as experience is the heart of philosophy. That is how, in my daily life, I try to live."

"What is your definition of the word, love?" I asked.

"It is all here," said Miss Le Gallienne, and she tapped her forehead. "Mental-physical attraction, if you know what I mean. Mental-physical, in one."

ILLICIT

By Ivan T. Dowell

Here in the crush of noonday land
Where purple dreams are contraband,

And various things are bought and sold
For certain matters of good red gold,

Hidden away where none may see,
I cherish the dream you gave to me.

THEATER

By Le Baron Cooke

And so they tremble
In the wings:
Fear, the forerunner,
And Sorrow, the shadow,
Of the tragedy
Death.

The "J. H." Tonneau or Rear Seat Shield

Registered U. S. Patent Office, Pat. Feb. 27, 1912;
June 1, 1920. Copy Patent Pending. Our Patents
Have Been Upheld by the U. S. Court of Appeals.

Brings Comfort to the Rear Seats—



Asking for Booklet "SH" places you under no obligation
The Tonneau Shield Co., Inc.
47-49 West 63rd St., at Broadway
Phone Columbus 1129 New York City

STOLEN

That's what they say about
"THE BATHER"
"It was better read," we say.
IT IS A PICTURE
That is REAL. It is true to LIFE.
It is INNOCENT and BEAUTIFUL. It
unmasks the best judges of art in the
country and starts their wondering how
it was created. This is, or should be
PROOF POSITIVE that a picture
you should own. GET ONE TODAY and
conserve yourself as to the north.
AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH
on photographic paper. A VIEWGRAPH
you can frame. It will last forever. Plain
unmounted copies, 10x20 inches in size,
will be sent prepaid upon receipt of \$1.50.
Copies on a 4x6 brown mount at \$1.25.
Or a Beautifully framed picture at \$3.50.
If your dealer cannot supply you send us
your order today.
FORDS FOTO STUDIOS, Ellensburg, Washington

Remember—All Advertising
in SHADOWLAND Is Guaranteed
by Brewster Publications, Inc.

SCENARIOS WANTED. Revised, Published,
Copyrighted, Marketed. Free advisory service.
Screen production assured exceptional stories.
Scenario Service Corp., 520 Mason Opera House,
Los Angeles.

STORIES WANTED

Immediately for several famous Photoplay Stars. Write
for descriptive list. Sample synopsis if desired.
Dept. A, Photoplayrights League of America
623 Union League Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

\$\$\$ For Ideas. Photoplay

Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted,
marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation,
905 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.

LEARN PIANO

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult
beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instructive
Course for Advanced Pupils. Learn of styles of Beethoven, Chopin,
Debussy, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schumann, Tchaikovsky,
Wagner, etc. Includes Piano, Organ, Violin, Viola, Cello, Double Bass,
Trumpet, Trombone, Saxophone, Clarinet, Piano, etc. Subjects,
including Ear Training. 110 pages of REAL Jazz. 25,000 words. A
postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

WATERMAN PIANO SCHOOL
249 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Exactly where desired by

DR. WALTER'S
Famous Medicated
Reducing

Rubber Garments

For Men and Women
Cover the entire body or
any part. Endorsed by leading
physicians. Send for illus-
trated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne S. L. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue New York
(Billings Building, 4th Floor)



Each Reducer, Price \$6.00
This Reducer, Price \$2.50

The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well?

If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Street
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:
When born.....
Blonde or Brunette.....
Weight..... Height.....
(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest
of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche McGarrity
Virginia Fair
Anita Booth

Corliss Palmer
Allene Ray
Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Erminie Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure a reply.
6. Address photographs and letters to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
7. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder



is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful Girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

*Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using
this powder*

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a 50-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name

Street

City and State.....

FROM
Silver
MADE IN U.S.A. - 100% PURE - 100%
MADE IN U.S.A. - 100% PURE - 100%



Keep that schoolgirl complexion

A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing formula is thorough. It will not cause irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for

10c



Remember black heads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

Daily cleansing is your protection against skin troubles. Powder and rouge are harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Discovered 3,000 years ago

The use of Palm and Olive oil as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

Copyright 1931—The Palmolive Co. 1327



Try Cleopatra's way to complexion beauty

She used cosmetics of every kind to enhance her charm, but cleansing with Palm and Olive oils came first. The same rule, applied today, will keep your complexion fresh, youthful and free from blemishes.

Use the same Palm and Olive oils, mild and soothing. They are scientifically combined for the use of modern women in Palmolive—the beautifying cleanser.